THE BYSTANDER
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The BYSTANDER

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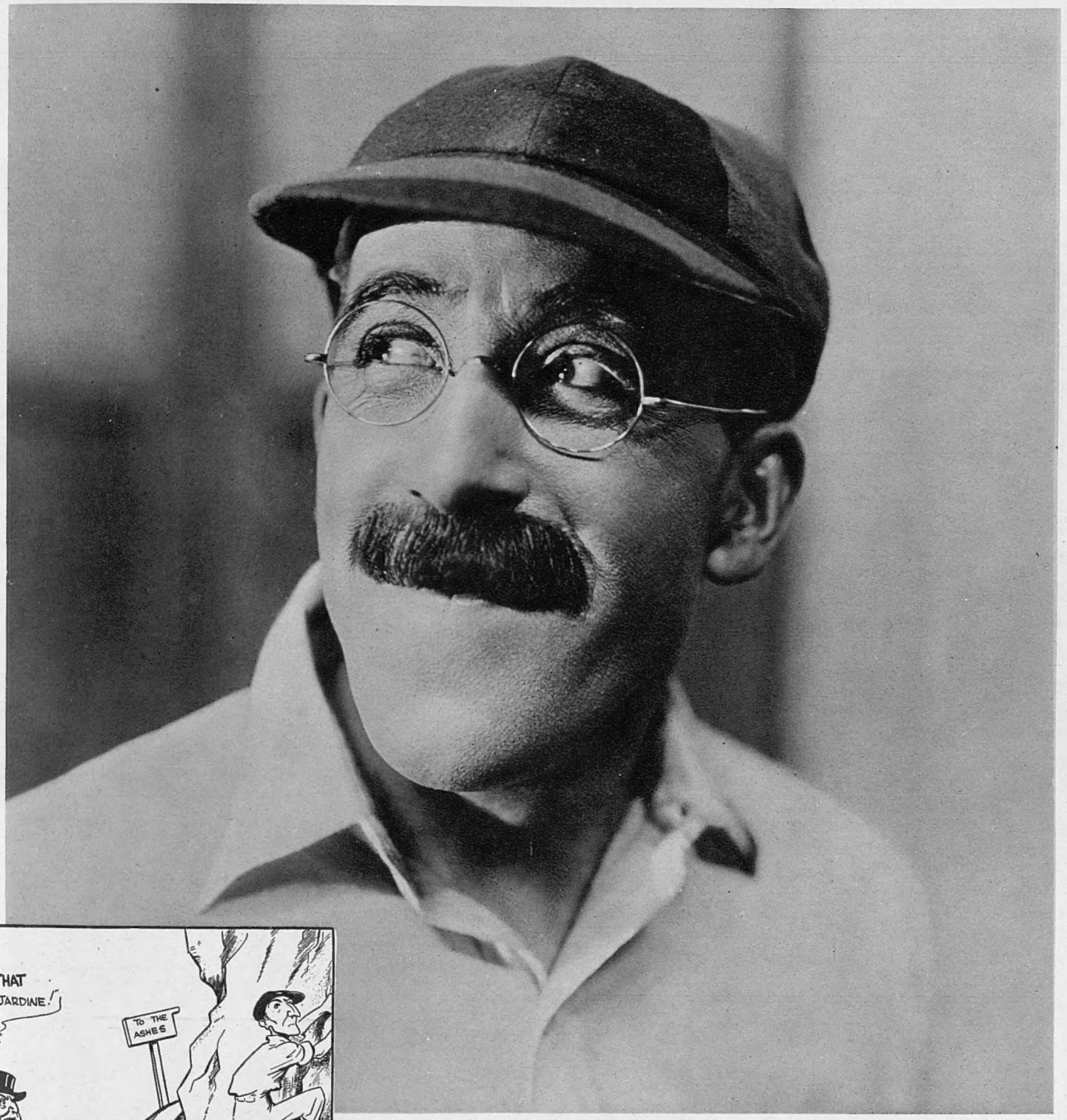


If Jardine had Failed . . . !

Had the sackcloth of defeat rather than the Ashes of victory been the lot of the M.C.C. team in Australia, desperate indeed would have been the measures necessary to uphold the future of English cricket, that great link of friendship between the Motherland and her Sons across the Seas (cheers). In congratulating Mr. Jardine and his devoted team, and in the flush of victory, "The Bystander's" frontispiece this week must not be taken too seriously. Mr. Robertson Hare, skipper of the Aldwych side in "A Bit of a Test," has, we feel sure, those qualities of integrity and fair play which would endear him to the Australian public and avoid any such cartoon as that published by the "Adelaide News" (cries of "Shame!")

Matters Matrimonial

Three Who Said "Yes" and One Who Said "No"

Another of last week's weddings was that of Mr. G. L. Kitson, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Herbert Kitson, and Miss Audrey Eleanor MacLeod, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Norman MacLeod, of Ardedynn, Glasgow; it took place at St. Margaret's, Westminster

Above: Mr. Jock Galton Mitchell, Welsh Guards, and Miss Diana Olive Villiers-Smith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Francis E. J. Smith, leaving St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, where they were married last week

Left:
Miss Barbara Hutton

Centre: Miss Barbara Hutton, the Woolworth heiress, who has gone to Australia, having said, before she left Los Angeles, that she was not going to marry Count Emanuel Borromeo, although he says she is

Right: a lately-engaged couple are Mr. A. J. Houison Crauford, of the Scots Guards, and Miss Olive Bridget Cunninghame. Miss Cunninghame is the daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Montgomery Cunninghame, and her fiancé is the younger son of Brig.-General and Mrs. Houison Crauford, of Craufurdland, near Bishop's Stortford

DR. ROCA, the Vice-President of the Argentine Republic, and his suite must be wondering why people ever said the English were cold-blooded. These visitors have been in a blaze of gaiety ever since they arrived a fortnight ago, and it almost makes us feel ill to think of the numbers of banquets they have consumed at almost every leading hotel in London. But their dance at the Carlton was the most brilliant of its kind for months.

IT takes a good deal of courage to lend your house for a charity reception for the first time. But once you get hardened to it it must be all right, for we see that Mrs. Ronnie Greville is going to allow the drawing-room of her house in Charles Street to be transformed into a railway station, with L.N.E.R. posters on the walls and all that kind of thing, this afternoon. Could charity, which begins at home, go further, even though the L.N.E.R. posters are very decorative?

IF there was a prize for naming the most attractive flat in London, we should almost certainly win it by nominating the new home of Mr. and Mrs. John Bealey. It is at the corner of Upper Brook Street and Park Lane, and is furnished quite delightfully. It is much more like a millionaire's New York apartment than a London flat, and we would like to see some enterprising photographer secure permission to photograph it.

The PASSING HOUR

"The Bystander" holds up the Mirror to the Gay World

A Morning Wedding

Sir John Reynolds and Miss Holford were married at St. James's, Spanish Place, and then drove straight to Croydon from where they flew to Paris, en route for North Africa

The "Between Friends" First Night

The audience who went to the Shaftesbury Theatre to send "Between Friends," the newest cricketing farce, off on its run included (at the top) Mrs. Stanley Baldwin, Miss Jackson, and Miss Jennifer Fryer, and (below) Mlle. Oliveira, Lord Long, Miss Diane Chamberlain, and Mr. Wallinger

AS for homes, Captain Barnato, who will be a father any minute now—possibly even before this appears in print—intends, after all, to rebuild Ardenrun Hall, his place near Lingfield, which was burnt down the other day. The maddening part about it was that he had only just spent five thousand pounds in redecorating the interior. But men who win twenty-four-hour endurance races at Le Mans can hardly be expected to give up so easily.

MISS WHIGHAM and Mr. Charles Sweeny have taken a furnished house in Knightsbridge for a year so that they can look round at leisure for a permanent home. Previously, they had thought of taking one of those little houses in Culross Street, but we gather there were not enough servants' rooms. Well, they will have to pay a good deal for storage, to judge by the number of wedding presents they have received, though the two most interesting gifts do not take up much room—cuff-links from the Prince of Wales, and a cocktail set from Lord Warwick

ANOTHER house of interest is Lady Elibank's, in Pelham Place. She gave a cocktail party last week to celebrate the fact that she and her husband have just moved into it. It is of the Regency period, with a cream-coloured interior. Incidentally, the host and hostess were having a belated celebration of their silver wedding, which really took place a month ago.

MRS. CECIL PIM and her husband are back again after their visit to the Maharajah Rajpipla, having broken their journey in Paris. They had a very good time, we hear, and are sorry to return so soon. "Pip" is apparently a wonderful host.

OUR leading ex-débutante, who was wearing an engagement ring at the cinema, as duly reported the other week by us, is becoming less coy. We have seen it by daylight. It is a large double-pearl affair, and very nice, too. All the best of congratulations to both of them.

Kay Vaughan

Miss Grizel Stewart

AT the Embassy the other night the most interesting table consisted of three men—Lord Rothermere, Mr. Bob Boothby, and Mr. Winston Churchill. Mr. Churchill talks even more penetratingly than his son or Sir Oswald Mosley, and other visitors had some difficulty in trying to avoid hearing what he said. Such politeness would assuredly have come amiss to one well-known actor, who used to consider his evening wasted unless his bons mots were appreciated by others in the near vicinity, in addition to those at his own table.

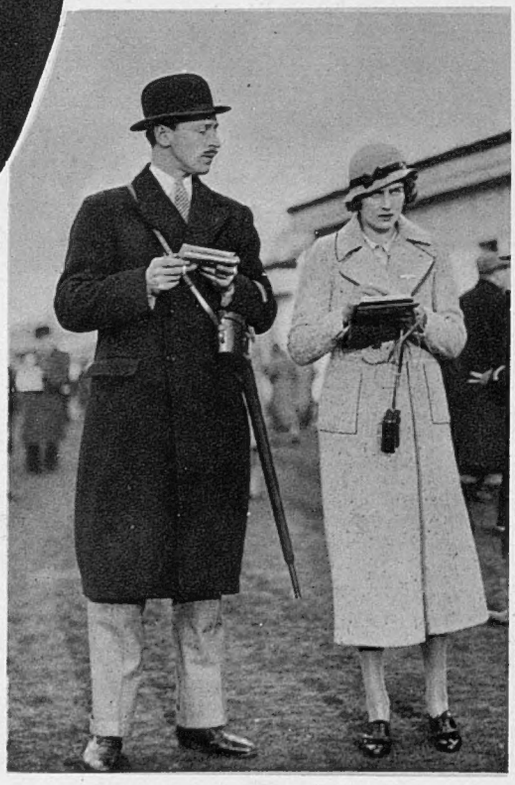
A LITTLE time ago Mr. Randolph Churchill was complaining, no doubt with his tongue in his cheek, about the disadvantage of having a famous name. What is really annoying is to have the same name as someone else. Lord Munster was telling us the other night that bills meant for Count Munster frequently come to him, as they are signed "Munster" tout court. As a matter of fact, we always thought that

Above: a group at the North and South Shropshire Hunt Ball, which includes Miss J. Dugdale, Mr. John Dugdale, Miss Wendy Robins, Miss B. Dugdale, Mr. David Bateson, and Mr. J. Cooke-Hurle

Left: Miss Grizel Stewart, Major Walter P. Stewart's daughter, is one of this year's débutantes, and will be presented at Court. She is staying for her first season in London with Ethel, Lady Buchanan-Jardine

Above: Capt. Charles Wilson Booth, son of the late Mr. Robert Booth, of Bartra Hall, Co. Dublin, and Miss Frances Dorothy Strangwayes, the late Major D'Arcy Strangwayes's daughter, leaving St. Peter's, Eaton Square, between a guard of honour of the bridegroom's regiment, which is the 4th Battalion the Royal Berks

Below are two photographs taken in the sunshine at Hurst Park; on the left are Capt. and Mrs. Douglas Faulkner, and on the right are Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Senior



to your office or playing golf. Mr. John Mason and Miss Diana Coventry are following in the footsteps of the Colvilles and Sweenys, and are being married at 11.30—the reception taking place in Carlton House Terrace. We wonder whether they will take a further leaf out of the Colville wedding and give the guests oysters and caviare as well as champagne. It was the first time we had seen it done. And it was a great success.

Admiral Best and his party for the Valentine race meeting, the Ascot of Malta; next to him is his daughter, Miss Best, and next to her is Miss Rosamund Fisher, Admiral Fisher's daughter

Three of the infantry who turned out for the Belvoir meet at Coston last week were Mr. and Mrs. John Goldsmith and the Hon. Mountjoy Fane, Lord Westmorland's brother

one had to be a Peer of the Realm before one could write a signature with neither initials nor Christian name. But we live and learn.

THESE early-morning weddings, initiated by Lady Joan Colville, are all very fine for the bridal couple, who, after all, should be the first object of consideration, but they are so bad for the digestion of the guests. Champagne at noon is a bad start for the day, whether you are going

LONDON is full of young married couples who have just settled into their homes after their honeymoon, and have not yet shown themselves much at the restaurants. Mr. Iain Murray and his bride, the former Miss Angela Du Boulay, have settled into a converted house off Portman Square. The former Lady Joan Villiers and her husband have taken a flat in Buckingham Gate. It looks as though Mayfair is being left rather to itself by the younger generation of house-hunters. Perhaps they feel they had enough of it before they married.

DRESSMAKERS are nothing if not topical nowadays. The guests at last week's opening of the new Spring collection of a famous couturière who is just getting a divorce, were astounded at the names of the frocks on the card, which ranged from "The First Quarrel" and Lovers' Tiff" to "Decree Nisi" and "Divorce." Well, it is no good hiding your suit under a bushel, is it?

BY the death of Admiral Sir Henry Campbell, the King lost one of his closest and oldest friends. We only met him once—in the company of Admiral Basil Brooke, but he left an instantaneous and vivid impression of charm and dignity. Admiral Brooke was present at the funeral in the dual capacity of personal mourner and official representative of the Duke of York. Sir Stanley Colville represented the King. Indeed, every male member of the Royal family was represented, and the Archbishop of Canterbury gave the address.

PUG'S CLUB has survived a rather quiet start and is now doing a very gay business between tea and dinner. The other evening the place was packed. Lady Hindlip wore one of those new circular paste-diamond clasps. Lady Phyllis Allen dispensed (I think that is the right word) cocktails. Miss Celia Palmer, back from a week-end in Paris, was saying what a strenuous time the Weymouths, Lord Westmorland and others had.

MRS. NORA STEWART BROWN had come from the trousseau tea-fight at Prince's Gate to see Miss Whigham's clothes. We gather it looked like a large section of a large departmental store. There were fourteen different-coloured linen costumes, with their special headgear; goodness knows how many evening dresses, each with its special pair of sandals. There were bérets and jumpers and undies galore. After all, Miss Whigham is going on a cruise to the West Indies instead of to India, and she is taking most of these clothes with her, as far as we can make out. On the other hand, she is not taking a maid, so what the state cabin will look like at the end of the cruise, heaven above knows.

Bassano

Lady Frances Cole

Another débutante is the Earl of Enniskillen's second daughter, who is nineteen this year. Her elder sister, Lady Ann Cole, came out about three years ago, and she has a younger sister, and one brother, Viscount Cole

ALSO at Pug's was Eddie Tatham, rather braced by the fact that at least four leading County cricket captains had telephoned or written to him personally about his cricket article in last week's BYSTANDER. Who else was there? Well, the Gulbenkians and Billy Gardner, and the Tattersalls and our Hamish Erskine, and Princess Caraman de Chimaye.

ANOTHER evening a tea and sherry party was given in Bryanston Square by Mrs. Percival Griffiths for Lord and Lady Galloway. Lady Max-Muller was there with the new political agent for the Marylebone Conservative Party. They tell us that Portman House has been lent for their dance in April. We wonder how the local Member of Parliament likes that one?

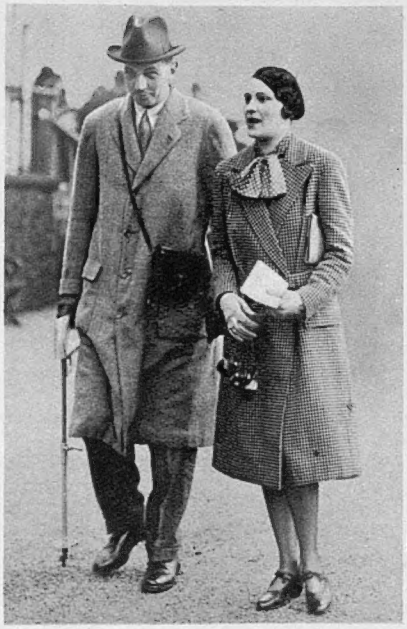
A Racing Reverie

National Prospects

By "Regular"

DOWN they go like ninepins, these National hopes. Kellsboro Jack, Remus, and Coup de Chapeau all bit the dust inside a week. Golden Miller alone remains supreme, and on collateral form can be made out a handicap certainty in the Grand National.

EVEN SO, I am not in the least tempted to back him. In the first place, I should like to be certain of his running (an ante-post bet on a non-runner has never made me laugh much), and, secondly, I should like to be more confident that he will jump the country and get the trip.



Major John Hole and Miss Helen Eaton, two of many spectators at the Nottingham Steeplechases

TIME and again over a Park course I have seen Golden Miller "take a liberty" which would prove fatal at Liverpool but does not prove harmful over the smaller fences. However, he is such a clever horse that he might not indulge in them at Aintree. On the other hand, he might.

I HAVE no reason to doubt his stamina, but I have a sneaking feeling at the back of my mind that, for the present, at any rate, the 4 miles 856 yards will prove more than he is capable of. In another year or so, provided he is not overdone now, he *may* be another Manifesto or Jerry M, but for the present, while admitting he is a brilliant three-miler over Park courses, I prefer to reserve my opinion as to his prospects at Aintree.

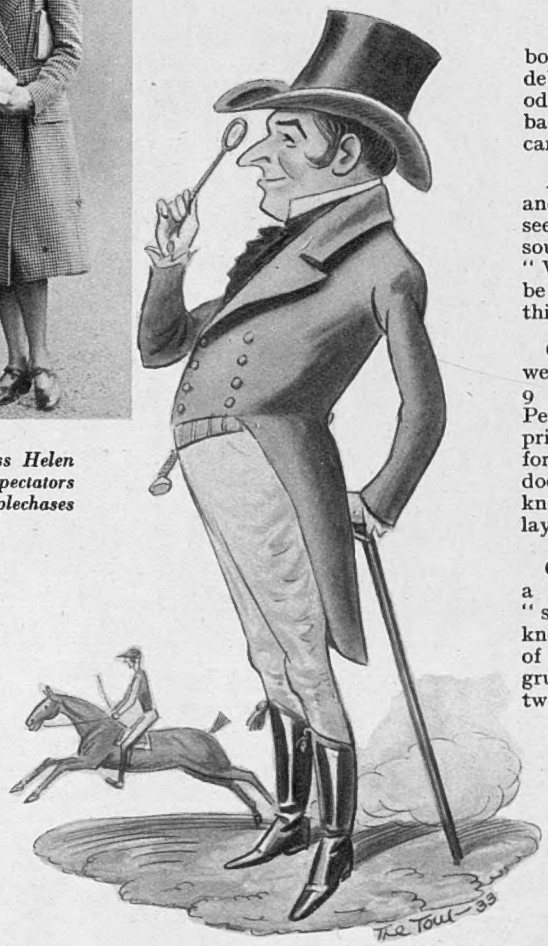
ALTHOUGH defeated, I cannot see that the prospects of Kellsboro Jack and Co. have altered very much. None of the three was fully wound up, and they took these races as part of their National preparation. All of them jumped splendidly and, as far as I know, all pulled up sound.

IT was no disgrace for Coup de Chapeau to be run out of it by the speedy Brienz, who, but for the intervention of Trigo and Walter Gay, would have a Derby to his credit, be living a life of luxury at some comfortable stud and have forty new wives each year.

As it is, he has been condemned to celibacy and has to carry Moloney round three miles of stiff fences and heavy going. No wonder he once turned a bit sour and took a dislike to racing. The wonder is that he ever consented to race again.

IN the old days the business of laying odds was confined to loud-voiced, red-faced illiterates, who, when they wrote letters to clients who kept them waiting for their money, questioned their parentage in somewhat brusque terms, and spelt the word with two "r's."

NOWADAYS things have changed a lot, and on the rails you will frequently find more refinement than in the bookmaker is Peter Pinchem. Gay, debonair Peter, he carries his fifty-odd years and a multitude of setbacks, social and otherwise, with carefree abandon.



"Last of the Dandies"—Mr. J. Voase Rank

From an old print discovered (with the help of George Wilmot) at Lingfield the other day

A MEMBER of every race club and four night clubs, Peter always sees to it that he's the life and soul of the party. Lovelies say, "We must have Peter, or it won't be a party." Peter says the same thing, so everybody's happy.

ON a racecourse you and I say we want 4 to 1; Peter says it's 9 to 4; and nobody's happy. Peter would love to lay us any price we mention, but Peter works for a stern man, who, if rumour doesn't lie, bends Peter over his knee and smacks him if Peter lays over the odds.

COMPARED to the rest of us, as a dancer Peter is Orwell in a "seller"; as a bookmaker, we know others who are less frightened of us. So much so that a disgruntled punter who'd been offered two points under the odds once asked him why he ever stopped dancing.

A GOOD friend (he never makes the mistake of mixing business with pleasure), Peter Pinchem is a distinct asset. As a comedian he can stand comparison with many a man with a three-figure salary, so if his prices bring tears to our eyes, we may take consolation from the fact that he'll make us laugh at cocktail time.

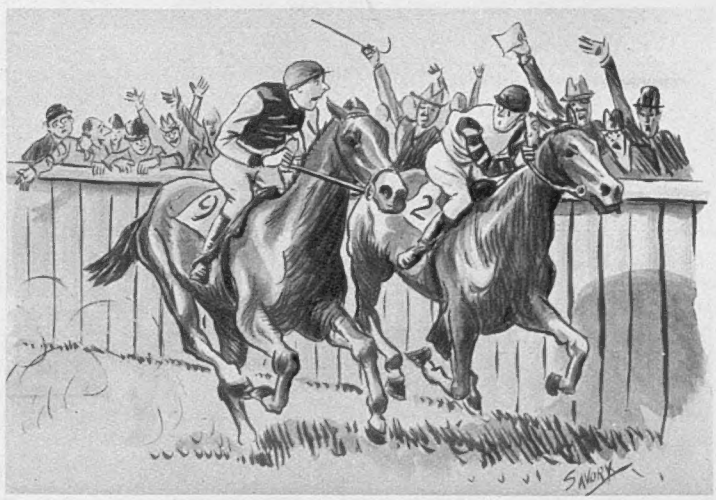
I HAVE a confession to make: this article is written in Paris, where so many Regulars and Regulasses seem to have repaired for the week-end. Honestly, the Ritz Bar reminded one of Oaks Day at Epsom, or *any* day at Ascot.

A TYPICAL example of the new kind of Members' Enclosure, while Mrs. Vernet and lovely Mrs. Leslie are almost invariably the two best-dressed women at Ally Pally and elsewhere.

LORD STAVORDALE and his charming wife—they both of them know the form without looking it up in *Racing Up-to-Date*—Ally Macintosh, Lord and Lady Weymouth—whom we seldom see racing, these days, for which we are the poorer—and Michael Beary, here, there, and everywhere, were seen changing good one-pound notes at the entirely inadequate rate of 87.

SOME of us get married, others nearly went to gaol for daring to question the bill at a Russian Restaurant; but we all—I'll guarantee that—enjoyed ourselves.

PRIOR to returning, I am going to make a tour of the stables of France. Michael Beary is calling for me at 8 a.m., and it is already well past midnight. Next week I will endeavour to tell you of our adventures.



"No, I never went near the Union when I was at Oxford"

Right: Countess May von Bernstoff is in London; she came over from Rio de Janeiro, where she lives, to give an exhibition of her paintings. She is a cousin of Count von Bernstoff, of the German Embassy, and is to be presented at Court. She is also a sculptor, and always works in her studio in wide red trousers

Tilly Losch is in America; she left a week or two ago by the Europa for a holiday in the States. London has not seen her act or dance since "The Miracle" came off, in which she made such a brilliant success

Suzanne Lenglen has been at Nice, and was photographed with King Gustaf of Sweden after he and Mrs. Satterthwaite had defeated Mlle. Mayer and M. Pollack in the International Championships there

Constance Bennett is on her way to Europe with her husband, the Marquis Henri de la Falaise. Their trip lasts about two months, then Constance Bennett goes back to star in a new film, "Bed of Roses"

Horoscope

What the Stars are Doing

Right: Marlene Dietrich is in trousers, and Hollywood. She will have a lot to be responsible for during this summer, having made men's suitings the thing; all her female fans will certainly follow, and in most cases, how unsuitably, in her footsteps

Girls Will Be Boys

The St. Valentine Ball

In Aid of the Greater London Fund for the Blind

Left: Lord Brecknock, Mrs. Geoffrey Buller, Capt. Cunningham-Reid, Mrs. Feilden, and Mr. Geoffrey Buller at the long table where the Chairman and several of the other hard workers for the Ball had supper

Capt. Menzies and Lady Brecknock, the President of the Ball, which was under the patronage of the Prince of Wales and the Duchess of York, talking to Sir Adrian Baillie and Mrs. Menzies

Mrs. McCorquodale and Mr. Chapman Walker photographed waiting for the cabaret to start; it included almost all Mayfair's special cabaret favourites

Commander McGrath, Lady Cowley, the Duke of Westminster, Mrs. Redmond McGrath, and Capt. Drury-Lowe were in another party at the dance, which was one of the best in-aid-ofs of this winter

Mrs. Cunningham-Reid, the Chairman of the Ball, and Mr. Geoffrey Buller looking at one of the St. Valentine prizes together

Mr. Hordern, Lady Phyllis Allen, Mr. Billy Gardner, and Lady Delamere were at Claridge's, where the dance was held

Photos by Swaebe

Hors d'Œuvres

By "Caviare"

MRS. CHARLES MILLS is always smiling; she has slightly prominent but attractive eyes. Mrs. Beryl Mills is very well dressed, and has an intriguing gap between her front teeth, which are very white and even.

SOME men look interesting, some don't. Mr. Michael Hornby is definitely unusual looking, so tall and dark, with decided features and very black eyes. He is also intelligent. His cousin, Mr. "Ruby" Holland Martin, has flaming red hair, a distinguished manner, an eyeglass, and is wonderful on a horse.

"RED fox!" cried my hunting friend, "I wouldn't be seen dead in it." We emerged somewhat heatedly into Bond Street, to see Lady Brecknock pass by, her cloth coat lavishly trimmed with a huge collar and cuffs of red fox. "How lovely she looks!" I murmured, and received "a look"—you know the sort.

Right: Miss Dorothy Hyson and Mr. Jim Lawrence went to the party given by the "Ballyhoo" company on the stage of the Comedy Theatre

Swaebe

At the "Ballyhoo" Party

Lenare

Miss Stella Villiers

Lieut.-Col. and Lady Victoria Villiers's youngest daughter is a 1933 débutante, and will be presented this season. She is a cousin of the Duke of Roxburghe

Bassano

Mrs. William Garthwaite

A new portrait of the wife of Sir William Garthwaite's elder son. Before her marriage in 1931, she was Miss Dorothy Duveen, and is the only child of Lord Duveen, who received his peerage in the New Year Honours

A MUCH-written-about couple have a different reconciliation news bulletin every day or so. Stop press to-day is—"Cloudy."

IT is always nice to see the devotion of sons to their mothers. Lord Knebworth is often to be seen with his—the charming and so good-looking Lady Lytton. Mr. Hubert Duggan always discusses his political career with Lady Curzon, and they see a lot of each other; and an example we all know of "mother-and-son" affection is "Puffin" and Lady Oxford and Asquith.

A MOTHER who is most volubly proud of her son's engagement should purchase a book on etiquette.

MRS. CHARLES WINN always looks so solemn; I wonder why? With her looks, charm, and delightful husband, she ought to find life a good, if not gay, party. She has certainly "gone on" an exciting one—party, I mean—to Ceylon, with Lord and Lady Abingdon and Mrs. Lewisohn.

WHY is a brunette so cross? Surely, as a child, she learnt that dear old-world proverb that "even a worm will turn."

LADY ANNE BRIDGEMAN has almost a classical look about her hair and the way she carries her head. Her contemporaries are far too inclined to be crimped. Lady Helen Stewart sometimes has too many waves in her hair, a mistake lovely Mrs. Armstrong-Jones never makes; her loose curls are entrancing.

OUR modern beauties would do well to study the nineteenth-century beauties at Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox's exhibition. Compare Lady Bridget Poulett with fascinating Millicent Duchess of Sutherland, Margaret Whigham with the glamorous Lady Warwick. Who has the dignity of the Duchess of Portland; the loveliness of Georgina Lady Dudley; the fascination of Mrs. Langtry—well, I ask you—who?

IS it true that, owing to a regrettable absence of mind, a rich young man is at present involved in no less than three semi-secret engagements?

WHO in Mayfair is—
An ostrich (only he doesn't use sand)?
A cuckoo (and the owner of the nest pays and pays!)?
A sewer-rat (what is the feminine)?
A viper (but what a lovely bosom!)?

QUAGLINO manages to be smart "over the week-end," an achievement, these hard times, when people seem to seek only "le gala"! The most interesting couple I have seen dancing there lately was Lord and Lady Churchill. How lovely her dignified simplicity is—and she has the most perfect complexion.

WHY was a long low car with a smart mascot travelling very slowly in the Park one dusky evening? Is the owner's extreme cleverness in driving with one hand due to much practice?

WARNING to a blonde lady: cloakrooms are not always marble halls, and conversations can be heard!

IS a certain "recently-married" a little anxious about a letter or two, written to a "was-married" man? Why, oh, why put it in black and white—or, rather, blue and grey?

THE only-just "white-haired" beauties can give the "young 'uns" points, and still walk the charm-race. For instance, Freda Lady Forres, with her clever face and delightful voice. Lady ("Pat") Hastings, with her so-very-lovely face and radiant complexion. Lady Chalmers, very sweet; and Almina Lady Carnarvon, vivacious and gay, whose hair grows so prettily from her forehead.

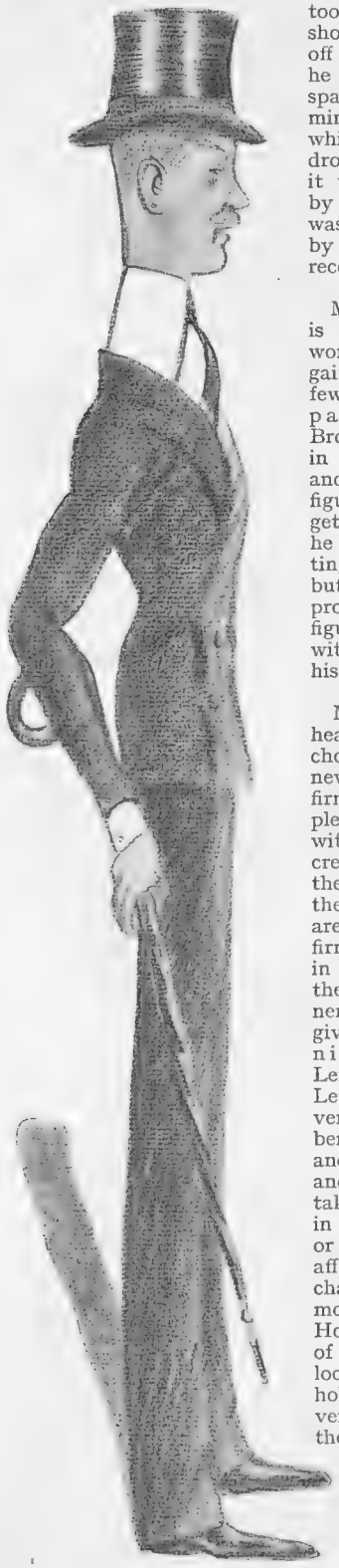
C

Bystanders in "the House"

A Stock Exchange Note-Book

Chatter by "Junk": Caricatures by "Jonk"

THE Gold Rush has been a boon as well as a boom; it has provided a new peg for members of the Stock Exchange to hang their stories on, and unlimited material for new ones. Every day, a score or two of new tales have been added to the unprinted Kaffir Saga; most of them, of course, are unprintable, anyway, as are the majority of the masterpieces of the House. In order to be in the fashion, "Jonk" took his courage in both hands, shouldered his pencil and trekked off to the Kaffir market to see what he could see, returning to the open spaces after a while with only a few minor casualties. He reports that, while he was in the thick of it, he dropped the said pencil, and when it was returned to him a little later by the jobber who picked it up it was several inches shorter—worn down by the number of bargains it had recorded.

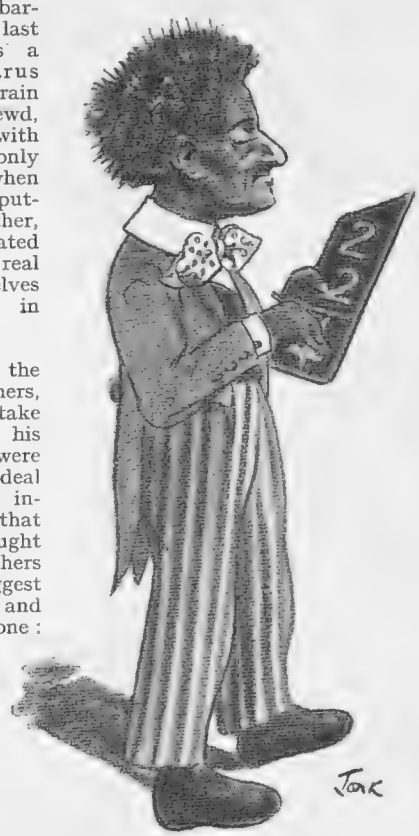


Mr. R. W. Crawford

Never overlooked

MR. F. W. ("GOLLIWOG") HARBURY is one of the men who have been working hard doing bargains in Kaffirs these last few weeks. He is a partner in Lazarus Brothers, and a big brain in the firm, very shrewd, and amazingly clever with figures. He doesn't only get the right answer when he is metaphorically putting two and two together, but the most complicated problems relating to real figures resolve themselves with lightning speed in his mind.

MR. CLAUDE LEMON, the head of Lemon Brothers, chose a good time to take new partners into his firm, so that there were plenty of people to deal with the enormous increase of business that the Kaffir boom brought them. Lemon Brothers are one of the biggest firms in the market, and in more senses than one: the number of partners in the firm has given rise to their nickname, "The Lemon grove." Mr. Lemon himself is a very popular member; he has a young and energetic brain, and is interested, and takes an active part, in all new schemes or developments that affect the Stock Exchange. He is one of the leaders of the movement to unify the control of the House; that is, to combine the duties of the Trustees and Managers, who look after the interests of the shareholders and the amenities and conveniences of the House, with those of the Committee, who deal with the laws and the etiquette by which members are governed. This question of dual control, however, is only one of Mr. Lemon's many activities and interests, both in the City and out of it.



Mr. F. W. Harbury

"The Golliwog"

To return for a moment to the Circus and its journeyings across the Jordan in search of new and richer fields for bargains, a jobber known as "the Wanderer" arrived recently and opportunely in the Kaffir market from the oil market. He was greeted by one of his new colleagues with the remark, "So you're here; I thought you were in oil." "The Wanderer's" expression became extremely haughty, and, looking down his nose, he replied, "I don't remember *you* here in '95."

Another jobber, who was originally in the Courtauld market, and who transferred his attention to Kaffirs long before the boom started, has now, curiously enough, returned to Courtaulds. When he arrived back in his old haunts, he was welcomed by the local male voice choir singing "Home, Sweet Home." What was it all about?

Mr. Claude Lemon

In his Lemon grove

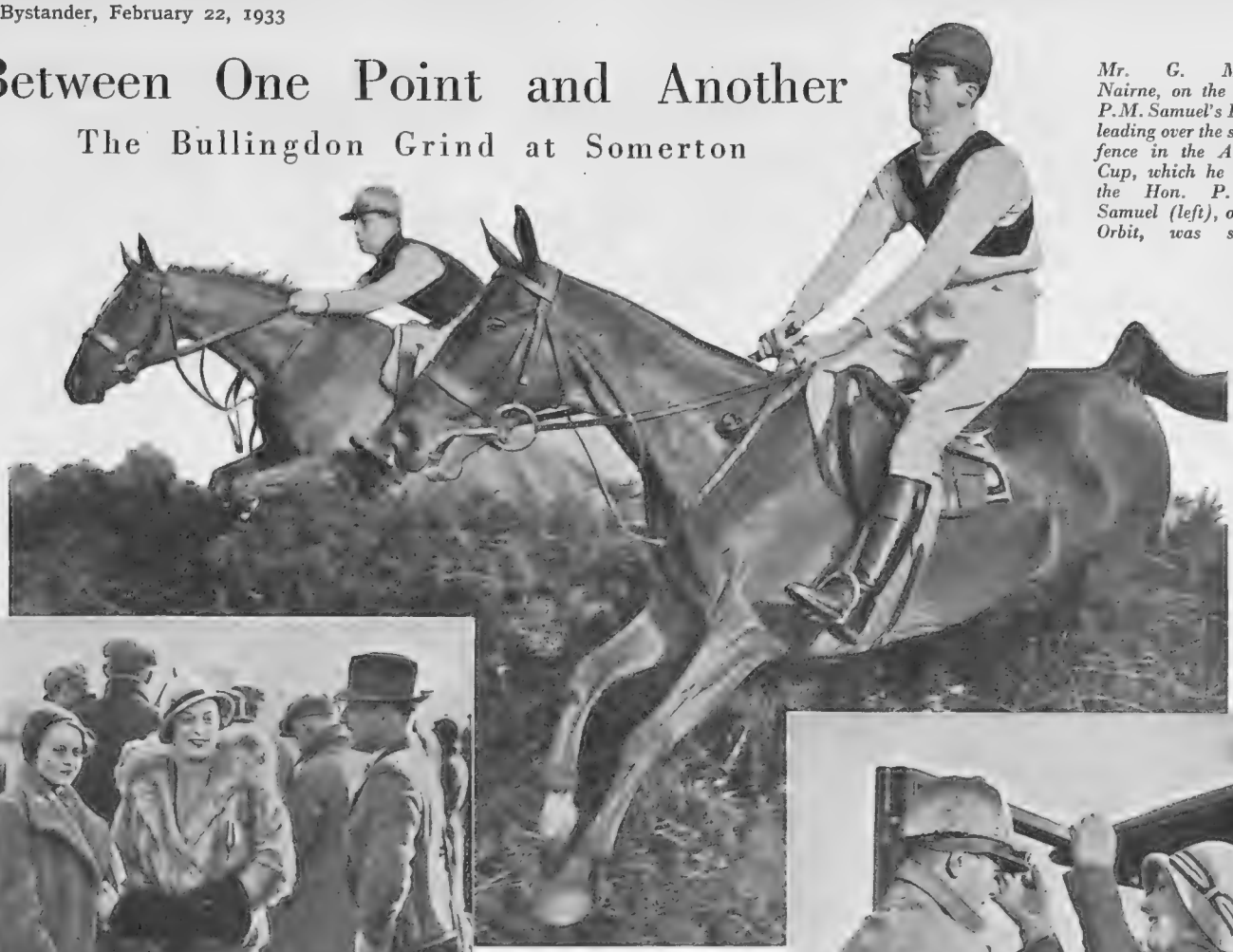
THERE are two or three people in the House who can never be overlooked, however crowded the market may be in which they want to deal. They can signal their bargains over the heads of lesser men, and put their clients' interests literally above all others. One of these is Mr. R. W. Crawford, senior partner of Alexander Wilson and Sons. He is the sort of man who makes one think "Brigade" immediately he appears, and, as a matter of fact, quite correctly, for he was in the Welsh Guards before he became a broker. He is very tall, well dressed, always pleasant—what the world imagines a typical Guardsman to be, in personality as well as in appearance.

"ARCHIE" PEARSON can give points to almost everyone in the House as regards height, for he possesses no less than seventy-eight inches of himself. He is with Laing and Cruickshank, of which firm his father, Mr. R. B. Pearson, is also a partner. Both the Pearsons go off north whenever they get the chance: Mr. R. B. Pearson's touch of Scots accent betrays the reason. Their place is in Kincardineshire. Archie Pearson looks very well in a kilt, and it is not all very tall men that do. Even he is over-topped by Mr. Pepper, who must be the tallest man in the Stock Exchange: he is over six foot seven.

How many people know that Carver Doone, the all-in wrestler, was once in the House? His name at that time was Carver, without the Doone. He is another six-foot-seven-er, and weighs around twenty-one stone. He used to be a pretty good boxer when he was in the Stock Exchange, and probably got the idea of "all-in" from in-fighting. Anyhow, he is now to be seen at the Ring from time to time. Going there is becoming quite a Stock Exchange habit, and there are usually a dozen or so prominent brokers and jobbers, on Thursday evenings, laying the odds against Norman the Butcher, Jack Pye the Doncaster Panther, and the rest of the all-in stars.

Between One Point and Another

The Bullingdon Grind at Somerton



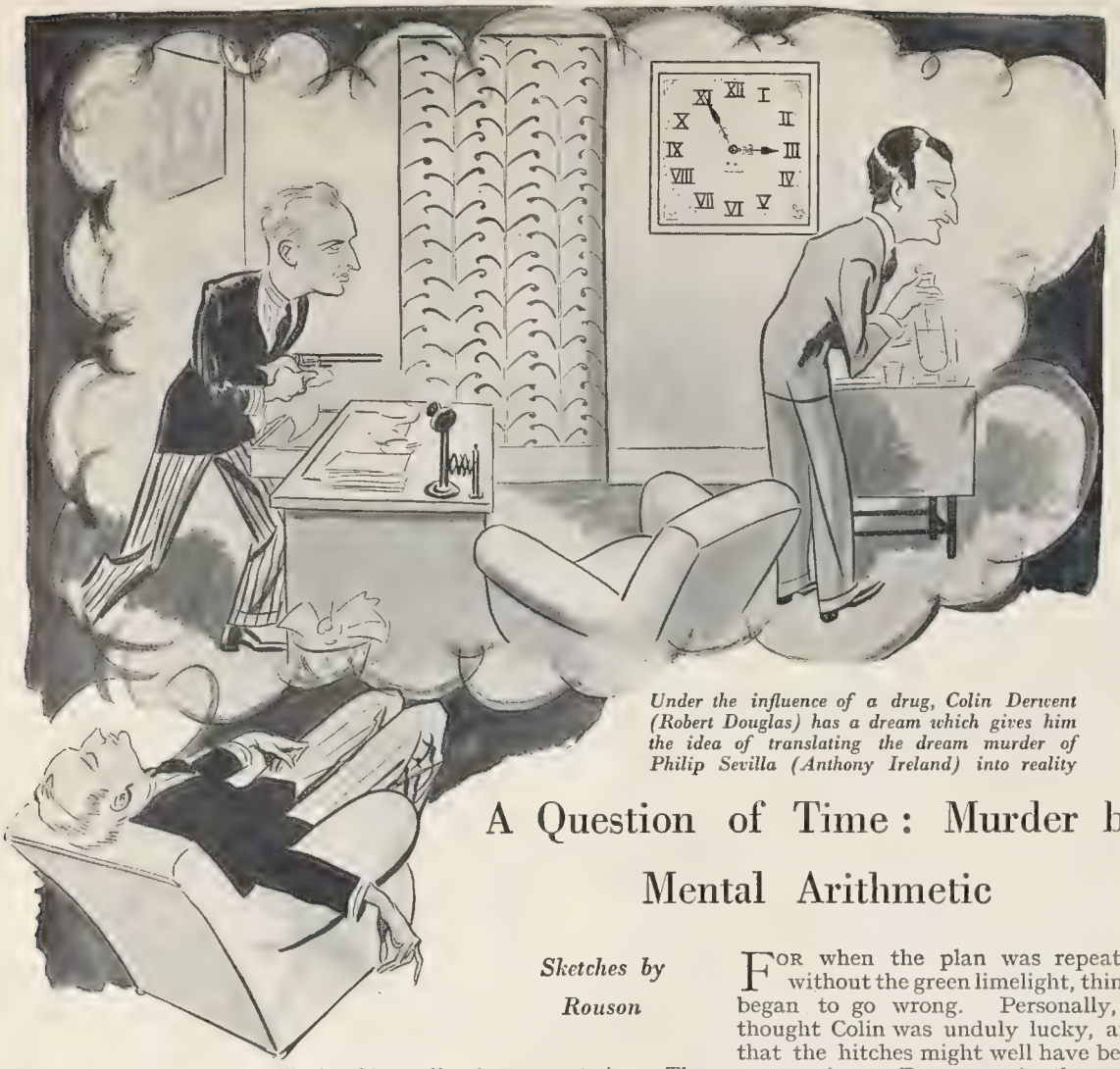
Mr. G. Mercer Nairne, on the Hon. P.M. Samuel's Pindi, leading over the second fence in the Argenti Cup, which he won; the Hon. P. M. Samuel (left), on his Orbit, was second

On the left are some of the "field" at Somerton, near Bicester, where the Bullingdon Club's meeting was held; above are Miss Neilson. Miss Hargreaves, and Mr. Kennaway, and below, Mr. Paravicini, Mr. D. Crosthwaite, Miss Paravicini, and Miss D. Lambert

Right: the Hon. Lavinia Strutt putting the last sisterly touches to her brother's cap. The Hon. Michael Strutt was riding Gulliver II. in the Nomination Race

Miss Jocelyn Wingfield climbs aloft to watch a race; with her is Miss Shelagh Morrison-Bell, who likes the ground better

At the Theatre: "Ten-Minute Alibi," at the Haymarket



Under the influence of a drug, Colin Derwent (Robert Douglas) has a dream which gives him the idea of translating the dream murder of Philip Sevilla (Anthony Ireland) into reality

Below: Betty Findon (Celia Johnson), the only woman in the play, prevented from making a frail fool of herself by the death of the villain, Philip Sevilla

A Question of Time: Murder by Mental Arithmetic

Sketches by Rouson

"TEN-MINUTE ALIBI" should really be seen twice. The first time to look at the actors, the second to keep both eyes fixed on the clock. Between visits I recommend a refresher course in those problems which began: "A clock which gains 15 minutes in 2½ days, Sundays excepted, runs down at midnight on January 1st. It is then 7 minutes fast. Assuming that Leap Year . . ."

As one of the classical school, whose answer to this kind of nonsense was invariably, "The two trains will meet at Basingstoke," I confess to leaving the Haymarket in a complete state of Alibye-bye, or what you will.

I 'm not prepared for argument either way, but it seemed to me that Old Scotland Yard had blundered, and that New Scotland Yard was sportsman enough to hold its tongue. And when the clock struck seven when the hands said six . . . well, why didn't it strike four when it was three, instead of not striking at all?

One good answer is that clocks are queer cattle, and if you start monkeying about with the hands, anything may happen in their more private parts. Philip Sevilla's clock deserves the benefit of any organic doubt. It played its part well, and without it there would have been no play; a painful thought, for this wise importation from the Embassy is delectable entertainment. Characterisation plays second fiddle to chronology, but the suspense holds out till the end, and the technique of the twice-executed murder avoids the pitfalls of repetition by the natural law that theory and practice never coincide.

Colin, under the influence of a doped cigarette, saw himself, bathed in green limelight, whipping the revolver out of the drawer, shooting the odious Sevilla in the back of the neck, dragging the body into the bedroom, removing fingerprints, burning his gloves (do gloves burn?), juggling with the clock, and reappearing with the solicitor-baronet, every minute of the alibi perfectly accounted for.

FOR when the plan was repeated without the green limelight, things began to go wrong. Personally, I thought Colin was unduly lucky, and that the hitches might well have been more serious. Betty was in the next room, no revolver ever had a more efficient silencer, and solicitors who are baronets cannot reasonably be expected to be so vague about time and appointments as Sir Miles Standing. Sir Miles was fingering his gold watch-chain when Colin saved the day by pointing to the clock.

To give that hard-worked timepiece its due, it was Betty's wide-eyed innocence that begat the play. You and I spotted at once that Sevilla was the lowest breed of hound. He had a sinister butler with no manners. His plan of campaign—two nights at a hotel, Paris, and then the Argentine—would have aroused the suspicions of an under-housemaid. But Betty had never heard of White Slavery.

THE third act is a duet for the two detectives, who do everything except reconstruct the crime, or comment upon the fact that the deceased was shot from behind. Putting two and two together, and making it five in the most intelligent manner, these two do the force great credit.

Anthony Ireland's flair for sinister characterisation which turns a stock villain into a subtle and living one is a star turn in a capital evening's sport. Robert Douglas is a charmingly distraught murderer. Roland Caswell's butler suggests all Dartmoor in a single glance. John Garside makes a good job of the solicitor, and George Merritt and T. G. Saville are a brace of highly entertaining sleuths. Celia Johnson is an adorable Miss Innocent. When it came to Betty's long, comprehending look at her deliverer—horror, sympathy, fear, gratitude—those enormous eyes were more eloquent than a dozen epilogues.

TRINCULO.

Children in Uniform: The Two Manuelas

Manuela and her friends wait for Fraulein von Bernberg's good-night, in the Duchess Theatre production

Below:

The English Schoolgirl

Jessica Tandy, who takes the part of Manuela in the play at the Duchess Theatre, modelled herself very closely on the German actress's portrayal of a sensitive, imaginative schoolgirl in the grip of an iron system, but her acting is just as delicate and moving as if she herself had created the part

The German Schoolgirl

It was Hertha Thiele who first, in the German film, "Mädchen in Uniform," gave Manuela life by the poignant beauty of her characterisation. Manuela, whether of the play or the film, remains in the memory as a living person, and for those who have seen both film and play, as one individuality rather than as the same part played by two different actresses

Janet Jevons

DUNLOP REINFORCED
DUNLOP REINFORCED
DUNLOP REINFORCED
DU1935
Aristocrats
C.F.H.

Left: Charles (T. Bourdelle) and Fernand (Raymond Arnios), the two crooks, reconnoitre before staging their robbery act in "14 Juillet," René Clair's new film at the Academy

The Passing Picture Show

Clair Climbs Down

By

Sydney Tremayne

René Clair's flower-girl heroine, Anna (Annabella), flies for protection to her not-very-strong-minded boy friend, Jean (Georges Rigaud), in "14 Juillet"

René Clair made his name with the English public when *Sous les Toits de Paris* was shown over here. His new picture, 14 *Juillet*, at the Academy, Oxford Street, is a definite descent from the heights of earlier achievement. From the chimney-pots of Paris to the pavements may be taken as descriptive, literally and metaphorically. The flights of imagination and cinematic expression in *Sous les Toits* become pedestrian and even halting.

Wilde said that the danger of being modern was that one so soon becomes old-fashioned, and that is what has happened to Clair—temporarily, one hopes. Compared to some of the American, English and Continental pictures, in which the methods and manner he invented have been copied and developed, 14 *Juillet* is old-fashioned.

One hesitates to suspect so independent and original a cinematic artist as Clair of deliberately re-hashing the *Sous les Toits de Paris* ingredients in order to repeat the success of that picture: he could scarcely under-rate his public to that extent. One must believe that his brilliant and fertile imagination had flagged or that he was, perhaps, a little lazy and tempted to rest on his laurels—a perishable couch for any artist. Or, conceivably, his preoccupation with the Paris scene had made him forget the very cinematic rules which he himself made law.

In *Sous les Toits de Paris* there was plot, characterisation, and the Montmartre scenes were faithful as well as novel. 14 *Juillet* lacks plot, coherence, and cohesion: sketches of the bourgeoisie are over-emphasised to the point of burlesque, there is no rhythm of action, story or character. One sadly misses that attractive exponent of Apache bravoure and Parisian humour, Albert Prejean.

Georges Rigaud, a stalwart young Frenchman, rather like Charles Farrell in appearance, cannot replace him in the rôle of a vacillating taxi-driver unable to rid himself of an ex-girl-friend who invades his room and wrecks his fragile and incipient romance with a little flower-girl, played in the early Mary Pickford manner by sweet Annabella. Raymond Cordy, the brilliant principal in *A Nous la Liberté*, has too little material out of which to manufacture humour. Paul Olivier, the eccentric of Clair's earlier films, has a part that calls for exaggerated buffoonery and is an interruption rather than a link in the uncorrelated story.

I entirely disagree with the suggestion that Clair's pictures are only for those whose brows are high and collars are low: this minority could not have filled the Regal and the Rialto for weeks on end to see *Sous les Toits de Paris*. The brilliant gaiety of *Le Million* entranced thousands. The pictorial rhythm, the characterisation and satire of *A Nous la Liberté* appealed to the least linguistically equipped. It is as a humanist as well as a cinéaste that René Clair has won his medals. Certainly educated people appreciate his work, but the education of the public in filmic matters has been rapid, and they will go to see 14 *Juillet* in the hope of finding the entertainment his former pictures provided and also, perhaps, to see again the delightful and refreshingly pretty Annabella. I wish no one was going to be disappointed.

The extraordinary swiftness and sureness of Hollywood technique is well exemplified in *Under-Cover Man*, the gangster film in which George Raft continues his triumphantly ascendant career, and by *Blessed Event*, the picture about a gossip-writer, said to be founded on the career of Walter Winchell, a famous American "columnist," who has given it his personal approval. With our own favourite gossip-writers becoming more and more frankly informative, this picture has a special interest and may provide useful tips of how to obtain "the dirt," and how to interpret it journalistically in a manner calculated to give most discomfort to the victim, precipitate tragedy which will provide more "news," and increase the sales of a scandal sheet! Lee Tracy, as a rapid-moving, machine-gun-fire-thinking exponent of the art of collecting and disseminating "the dirt," is admirably cast. *Blessed Event* contains a plethora of amusing lines and exciting situations, and would knock out most of our home-made lullaby comedies in the first round.

In *Flesh*, which would have been even better named *Fat*, Wallace Beery, as a wrestler, exploits, sentimentally, the fatty degeneration of the heart and head of an ugly, honest man with love in his heart. Beery is a good actor, but better suited when he has more character and less cuckoldry to express—in other words, on his own ground and not on Tom Tiddler Jannings's preserves.

E

Who are the

Entries in this will be

Miss Pamela Kay-Shuttleworth

Miss Daphne Mulholland

Miss Grizel Stewart

By Charles GRAVES

ONLY the Lord and the Lord Chamberlain possess an official list of the 1933 débutantes, and neither of them is vouchsafing any details. But, armed with a Debrett, a Burke's Landed Gentry, a Directory of Directors, and a Kelly, we have been cocking a professional eye over the more likely coverts, and can give a view halloo to quite a number of débutantes.

They are a particularly interesting litter as they are all War-babies—practically cradled in shrapnel, as you might say. One or two of last year's crop, like Miss Valerie Lynch, were born in the autumn of 1914, but they were the exception. Doesn't it make one feel old ?

It is still very early in the day to generalise about this year's lot. But it is said that they are very precocious, probably because of the air raids that were in full blast at their birth. Certainly a large number of small and early deb hops are being given this month and next. They are over very quickly and leave no trace. The Press hear about them far too late to get details of the table decorations, and as Miss ———— gets no fur coats from mothers of débutantes, she is not there, either.

So we are really to be congratulated on formulating such a lengthy list of probable runners while the mothers are still only whispering their daughters' names and finding out what other girls went to be finished with their own at Ozannes and Bossier. At the moment the débutantes are falling off their horses or about the ice rinks. There have been no Spring Views yet and thus it is difficult to discuss their psychology. This we do know : they are nearly all Gentiles and, like last year's vintage, are all teetotallers—at the moment. It is also rumoured that they possess sleeker eyebrows, a better skin surface, and are more generally soignée than their predecessors. No doubt they have been reading their Madge Garland and Maquillage.

HERE are some of the details we have collected. Lady Howard de Walden's second girl, Elizabeth, is a chubby, healthy child, both musical and efficient. The mystery débutante is Miss Pamela Kingsmill. The Duchess of Norfolk's girl has the family looks. Miss Sarah Churchill, Mr. Winston Churchill's girl, is an interesting child, and musical. Lady Baden-Powell's daughter has been seen hunting. Lady Romayne Cecil is small and attractive. Lady Mary Crewe-Milnes has been seen a good deal. She is tall and dark. Lady Anne Villiers is becoming prettier every day, with tawny hair like her sister Joan, who has just got married. Miss Beatrice Grosvenor is the daughter of the late Lord Edward Grosvenor, and is presumably tall and fair. But let us give you the list as we have it.

Right :
The Lady Joan Hope

Scott-Ellis, The Hon., daughter of Lady Howard de Walden.

Lindsay, Lady Barbara, youngest daughter of Lord Crawford.

Churchill, Miss Sarah, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill.

Vesey, Miss Bridget, daughter of Lady Cecily Vesey.

Wellesley, Miss Mersey, granddaughter of Lady Fitzgerald.

Grosvenor, Miss Beatrice, daughter of the late Lord Edward Grosvenor.

Kay - Shuttleworth, Miss Pamela, daughter of Hon. Mrs. Charles Lyttelton.

Savile, Lady Sylvia, daughter of Lady Mexborough.

Cecil, Lady Romayne, daughter of Lord Exeter.

Cavendish, Miss Sybil, daughter of Lady Moyra Cavendish.

Elphinstone, The Hon. Jean, daughter of Lady Elphinstone.

Howard, Lady Winifride, daughter of Duchess of Norfolk.

Crewe-Milnes, Lady Mary, daughter of Lady Crewe.

Lawson-Johnston, Miss Pearl, youngest daughter of Lord and Lady Luke of Pavenham.

St. John, The Hon. Sybilla, youngest of

"DEBS" of 1933?

year's Mayfair Stakes that worth following

five daughters of Lady Luke's brother, Lord St. John of Bletso.
Primrose, Lady Helen, daughter of Lord Rosebery.
Greaves, Miss Rosamund, eldest daughter of Mrs. Owain Greaves.
Mulholland, Miss Daphne, daughter of Lady Cavan.
Hope, Lady Joan, daughter of Lady Linlithgow.
Warren Pearl, Miss Audrey, daughter of Mrs. Warren Pearl.
Charteris, Miss Laura, daughter of Guy Charteris.
Petre, The Hon. Elizabeth, sister of Lord Petre.
Kingsmill, Miss Pamela, second daughter of Lt.-Col. Andrew de Portal Kingsmill, D.S.O., M.C.
Dundas, Lady Jean, daughter of Lady Zetland.
Villiers, Lady Ann, daughter of Lady Cynthia Slessor.
Horlick, Miss Ursula, daughter of Mrs. James Horlick.
Mackay, The Hon. Patricia, daughter of Lady Glenapp.
Lowther, Miss Esmé, daughter of Lady Lowther.
Baden-Powell, Miss Heather, daughter of Lady Baden-Powell.
Daniell, Miss Jacqueline, daughter of Mrs. J. C. Daniell.

AND what have these youngsters to look forward to? Well, thank goodness, the beer-and-sausage phase is passing. It was good while it lasted, but it made us too sleepy, and incapable of keeping up our well-known high spirits after twelve o'clock. We prophesy that there will be an increase in those omnibus dances where three or four hostesses club together, realising that one good ball is better than four claret-cup hops. We also suspect that there will be an increase in the number of alfresco dances in the country and elsewhere. This is hard, though, on the plain girl. She does not have much of a time when the shrubbery calls. There will probably be more hotel entertaining, too, despite the fact that the Queen Charlotte Ball is to be held for the first time in a private house.

BUT where are the young men coming from? There were only about three regulars last year, and one of them is engaged and the others are quite worn out.

This year the débutantes are younger than ever. Dozens of them will make their curtsey before they are eighteen years old. Of this we may be sure: there is going to be much reluctance about doing anything with an exhibitionistic tendency among this year's débutantes. Wise mothers have noticed that the widely publicised girls of the last year or two have not found good marriages made any easier for them just because they were always being photographed and written about. On the contrary, it was the quiet girls who pulled off the best matches.

It is noticeable that few, if any, of last year's débutantes have yet got married. But then, times have changed from the days when a girl came out and either got married right away or was thrown aside to give a younger sister a chance. This change is partly economic, for young men cannot afford to marry as young as they did. And partly it is because the débutantes want to have some fun before they marry, as opposed to the Edwardians, who married and then had their fun. But nowadays, when they do get married, they seem to have babies right and left. The 1933 débutantes are all potential mothers if they can find husbands, whereas only a handful of the '22s and '23s and '24s had any intention of adding to the nation's birth-roll.

LOOKING back on last year's débutantes, we can say that they were really a remarkably pretty lot, although slightly overshadowed by the Whigham, the Poulett, and the Bingham. Penelope Dudley Ward, Pamela Smith, Shelagh Morrison-Bell, Margaret Bligh, are all very pretty, and growing prettier every day.

Yes, the buds of 1933 have much with which to contend. But among their mothers are many famous and experienced hostesses, and they ought to have at least as good a time as last year's crop, and probably a very much better one. Well, here's luck to all of them! May the best one win!

Photographs by Hay Wrightson, Edmund Harrington, Yevonde, and Bassano

The Lady Elizabeth Paget

Miss Esmé Lowther

The Hon. Elizabeth Petre

"SPOT THE STARS"

Second Series in our Competition

Make Up Your Own Rules and Enter Now

Answers on page iv.

If Gossip We Must . . .

The Old Soldier and the New Undergraduate—"Peaceful" Russia—Art at the R.I. Galleries—A New Use for Newspapers

I could imagine no greater contrast than that between the late Field-Marshal Sir William Robertson and the lads of the Oxford Union who decided, by a considerable majority, that they would "in no circumstances fight for King and Country."

Sir William died just when this victory for Pacifism of the more offensive type was announced, and I emphasise the contrast even at the risk of comparing a big man with some very little ones.

"Our Bill," or "Wully," or "Robby" (I do not pretend to have called him by any of those names) was a great soldier. But he was not necessarily great because he was a soldier. He has left his mark because, without any advantages of birth and education, he achieved the almost impossible feat of rising from the ranks to a Field-Marshal's baton.

Auntie "Doe" in Arch-ery Mood

Muriel Aked, whose performance as Auntie "Doe" in Van Druten's comedy "After All," is a joyous memory, is seen above as she appears in "Her First Affaire," a St. George Stirling film production screened at the Empire Theatre

In short, he had grit. And so far from sneering at the Throne and his country, he spent most of his long life in serving both.

The young Oxford of the debating societies has, most of it, had an expensive education for which it did not pay and is living on money it does not earn.

If the Oxford Union wishes to discuss Pacifism by all means let it; if by such steps we can reach lasting peace and prosperity, so much the better. Unfortunately, this is one of the best methods of hitting at both, since it gives watchful spectators all the world over the impression that the rot has set in. They cannot know that the Union does not represent true Oxford opinion, but has always been mostly composed of cranks, publicity seekers, and those who use the place as a cheap club.

The Union is the obscure haunt of those who, with very few exceptions, are themselves obscure. I used to find it

"By gad, I do need a shave!"

Jessie Matthews and Mrs. Michael Balcon at the meeting held at Londonderry House to discuss details of the Film Matinée of "The Good Companions" in aid of the Personal Service League on February 28, at which their Majesties the King and Queen will be present

"Pa says you gotta take me fishing"

quite easy to come across scores of people who occupied prominent positions in undergraduate life, in both the athletic and academic sense, who not only had never visited the Union, but who did not even know where it was. And it is still easy.

ALTHOUGH this form of youthful defeatism has not as yet spread widely, it does exist, and it is not confined to Oxford.

The sneering and would-be-clever tone in which the Union's motion was phrased was typical of it. You find the same spirit in high-brow reviews, in certain sections of the artistic, musical, and theatrical worlds, in many places where the post-war generation gives tongue.

Love of country, of decency and order, of marriage and religion is dismissed with a jibe or subjected to analysis which is chilly, priggish, and, of course, unfavourable.

Youths pride themselves on being conscientious objectors at a time when there is not even due to them credit for some small amount of pluck for having backed an unpopular cause.

AND, of course, the weary motto is always "Soviet Russia can do no Wrong." The existence of the Red Army and of the fantastically huge Soviet air force, and the fact that Russia is now the most militaristic country in the world, these precious fools find convenient to ignore.

IN full anticipation of letters of protest and contradiction, of reams of assurances that the intentions of the Soviet are as mild as those of the sucking-dove, I quote the following unbiased statement by the film critic of a famous daily paper :—

> . . . . the remarkable exclusive item in British Movietone News showing the celebration of the Russian Soviet in Lenin Square, Moscow. This shows . . . the biggest military parade ever seen. We see Stalin arrive to take the salute. We see air force, cavalry, and tank-units. For the first time we have authentic motion-picture photographs of the armed strength of the Russian Soviet.

Why has this force been organised? Can it be that anyone is ass enough to believe Russia's bluff that the capitalist countries are scheming to attack her?

Passengers enjoying a swim in the bathing-pool on board the Red Star Lapland, which is an even finer ship than that pictured on the left. The Lapland will start on a "Bystander" cruise to Madeira, Las Palmas, Teneriffe, and the Azores on June 17th, full particulars of which can be obtained from the Red Star Line, 38, Leadenhall Street, E.C., or the usual travel agencies

A Good "Shot" of Markova

WHEN, owing to a rush of charity matinées to the head, Belgravia and Bohemia a few years ago started to get together, some wit remarked that committee meetings were composed of chorus-girls trying to look like countesses and countesses trying to look like chorus-girls.

The exhibition of the National Society of Painters, Sculptors, Engravers and Potters at the Royal Institute Galleries, Piccadilly, reminded me of that curious contest. For here the academics are, many of them, trying to behave like extremists, and extremists are trying to behave like academics.

Both have succeeded up to

Left : Markova, who has returned to the Old Vic-Wells Ballet, where she danced in the "Lac des Cygnes"

"Blue Sky! It Can't be England!"

remarks Hélène Lorimer (Yvonne Arnaud) when she has been abducted from her husband and held to ransom in a sumptuous prison, the locality of which is unknown to her. One of the incidents in "Doctor's Orders," at the Globe Theatre, where Raymond Massey, seen on the right, plays the part of a bogus medico, Dr. Maclean, who ultimately prefers his captive as a wife to any ransom. Luckily for him, he secures both

a point, which makes the exhibition (which will remain open until March 4th) the more interesting.

This is the Society's fourth show and everybody concerned with it has managed to look lively. The attendants at the galleries have to look particularly lively when five o'clock strikes, since nearly every night there is a banquet in the room where the sculpture is displayed, and it all has to be cleared away to make room for the dining-tables.

"That Dreadful Doctor"

THIS sculpture section is, for the most part, the exclusive haunt of the really wild men. Fortunately, wild men are now taking to sculpting in material that does not weigh much and can be whisked away with comparative ease in order to give accommodation to the Annual Dinner of the Royal Society of Chaff-cutters.

Newspaper, for instance. Newspapers can be pretty heavy when they like, though not in the sculptural sense. Mr. Cecil Brown has fashioned what seems to be an angry cray-fish out of "reinforced newspaper surfaced asbestos."

Mr. C. R. W. Nevinson shows some interesting landscapes and a grim piece of sculpture, all angles and quaintness, entitled "Machine Slave."

Jimmy Gunn's nude figure in a garden has all the chaste grace of a Puvis de Chavannes.

WHO'S WHOOEY

No. 1.—Noel Coward

NOEL COWARD writes a play,
Roughly, every other dcy.
Though his work is very quick,
All his plays are bound to click,
Bringing in fat royalties
For centuries and centuries.

Noel Coward writes a song
'Bout the rich who view life wrong,
Like young people at the Ritz
(Don't he love to give 'em fits!),
Then his records sell so fast
Soon the million mark is passed.

Noel Coward writes revue
When he's nothing else to do,
Scintillating sort of stuff,
Far too polished to be rough;
Then for simply ages he
Harvests in the L.s.d.

Noel Coward writes a skit
Full of wisdom wrapped in wit;
Though the theme is very slight
It will bring the cash all right,
Proving that our Coward's got
Plus something other scribes have not.

Noel Coward is the rage
As the Crichton of the Stage,
And the cause of his success
Is not very hard to guess,
For he proves he is a gent
Who is DARNED Noeloquent!

B. W.

Delirious Dialogues : No. 4. Professor Einstein and Primo Carnera

Einstein : *Are you in Science interested, Mr. Carnera?*

Carnera : *Si, si! My manager he say to me: "You are beeg fellow, Primo. Study ze science and I will maka you beeg champion."*

Einstein : *I would like my theory of relativity to explain. Everything, you must know, is relative.*

Carnera : *I do know. Since I am famous, everyone who coma from Italy he is my relative. I have hava twenty great-uncles and thirty second cousins.*

Einstein : *Time and space do not exist.*

Carnera : *Zat is how you feel when I handa you ze knock-out.*

Einstein : *Quite, quite. But I do not a practical illustration of my theories require. The key to everything a number is.*

Carnera : *I know. Ze numero 10. Zat means you have taken the K.O.*

Einstein : *I am afraid you are for me a little too technical, Mr. Carnera. The number I refer to is the square root of minus one. It is of the imagination a figure.*

Carnera : *Ah, Mr. Einstein, tell me no more. Sometimes I think zat Primo Carnera, Heavy-weight Champion of ze World, is also a figure of the imagination.*

Shadow and Silhouette.

Two Camera-Studies which are a further proof of Photography's right to a place among the Arts

No one can now deny modern photography its place among the arts, or dismiss it as imitative, for it borrows, in its most advanced forms, nothing from any other artistic medium. Whether the photographer uses light and shade curtly, with harsh clarity, or whether he blends them by super-imposition and timing to a fourth-dimensional elusiveness, he can express, with almost cruel accuracy, the moods of to-day. Mr. John Everard, who held a private exhibition of his photographs on Monday at 11, Orange Street, Haymarket, understands how to make a beautiful picture with his camera, as these two examples of his work show

Minna Gomell, heroine of "Bad Girl," takes Extra aboard with her

Gwili Andre has a confidential talk with Peter

Helen Twelvetrees confides in Juliette

Wendy Barrie has her Peke to keep her company

Joan Barry

In the Orbit of Sirius

Film Stars and their Satellites

EVERY film star has her dog, or ought to, if she hasn't. Besides being four-footed publicity agents, they 're always there, at the end of a day in the studio, to make a tired star forget that directors, camera-men, co-stars, and all the other trouble-makers of the film world, exist

Left : Dolores del Rio takes a handsome and devoted partner for the waltz

Sasha

rry and her puppy are friends already

Fay Wray teaches Kong to sing duets

PERSONALITIES IN "PLASTICINE"

No. 15: Charles Laughton

Modelled and Designed by Zec

Risibility Good

The Laugh and the Face

Smileographs of Harry Tate and Cicely Courtneidge

A. M. Goet

Two people who do their share of making other people laugh are Cicely Courtneidge and Harry Tate. The latter is appearing in this sort of disguise in "Her First Affaire," the Stirling film which has its première at the Empire on Friday. Cicely Courtneidge was in Switzerland when this photograph was taken; she and Jack Hulbert have been out there with Victor Savile and Douglas Furber, probably hatching Swiss plots for a new film

Sent to Coventry

The North Warwickshire Hunt Poultry Fund Ball

Right: Mr. Guy Jackson, who is Joint Master with Mrs. J. P. Arkwright of the North Warwickshire, Miss Pamela Baker, and Col. Wheatley

Below: Mrs. Sharland and Mr. Williamson at Berkswell House, Coventry, belonging to Colonel and Mrs. Wheatley, where the dance was held

Having breakfast on the stairs: Miss Janet Jardine and Mr. Colin Fraser finish the evening with sausages, bacon and beer

Above are two more on the stairs, but before the breakfast stage was reached: Mr. C. B. Thompson and Miss Marjorie Walker

Left: Major C. Holmes and Mrs. T. B. Pritchett give all their attention to the matter of lighting their cigarettes between dances

Above: yet another stairs party: on the top step, Mr. C. Heber-Percy and Miss Priscilla Stucley; in the centre, Mrs. Ismay Field and Mr. Graham Cooper, and the bottom couple, Captain Wade and Miss Patterson Morgan

Left: Lord Dormer sitting out with his third and youngest sister, the Hon. Rosamund Dormer

A Portfolio of Fashion

Compiled Weekly for "The Bystander"
By Madge Garland

Mrs. Rex Colclough wears a magnificent dark blue ciré satin gown from Idare which has a dull pink bodice and sash

Photographs by Cannons of Hollywood

Cannons of Hollywood

Three versions of the spring suit

our coats are short and fastened high at the neck

Scaioni Studios

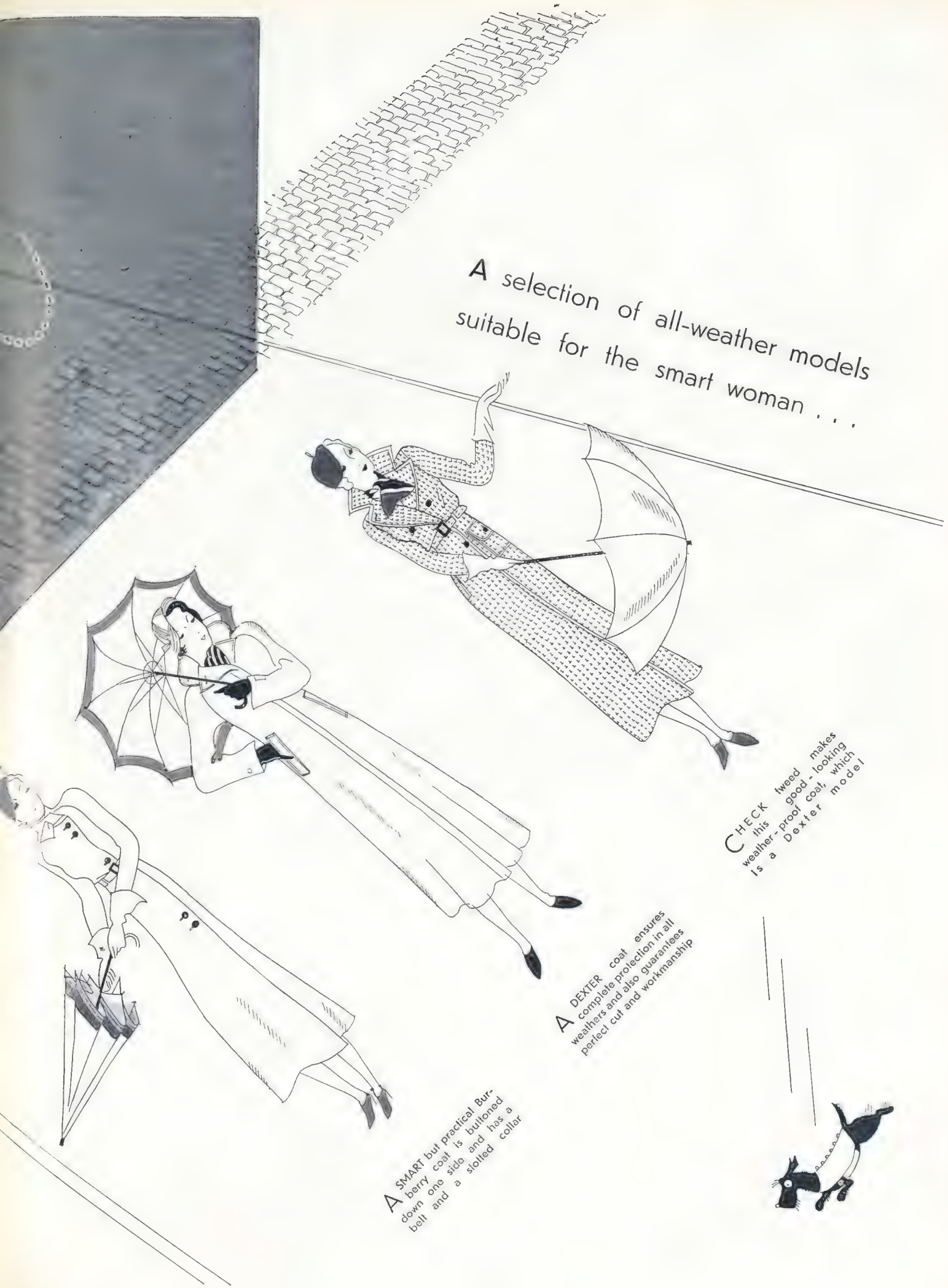
ABOVE is seen a navy blue hop-sack suit which has four patch pockets and a small turn-down collar. This is a Schiaparelli model and comes from Richard Sands. The hat is made of the same material

ON the left is a Mainbocher costume which consists of a navy blue skirt and coat with short sleeves. Beneath it is worn a red and white striped blouse with a scarf collar tied in front

ON the opposite page Miss Ursula Reiss is seen in one of Fortnum and Mason's spring costumes. This is carried out in hunter's green and has a hat, blouse and scarf of green and white striped jersey

Dorien Leigh Ltd.

A RAIN-PROOF hat is essential for country dwellers, and the charming proofed felt models on this page come from Woodrow of Piccadilly


A selection of all-weather models suitable for the smart woman . . .
CHECK tweed makes this good-looking weather-proof coat, which is a Dexter model
A DEXTER coat ensures complete protection in all weathers and also guarantees perfect cut and workmanship
A SMART but practical Burberry coat is buttoned down one side and has a belt and a slotted collar

A. L. Novis, the England captain, making a dash for the line, which resulted in the first try against Ireland at Twickenham. The game ended in a victory for the home team by seventeen points to six

R. J. Lightfoot (Ireland) and R. A. Gerrard (England) leaving the field of play at the conclusion of the International match

Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

Murray, Smith, Novis and Others

IN a day or two's time I shall be bucketing about in the Irish Channel on my way to see Ireland play Scotland at Dublin. I take no credit for this heroic voyaging, for nothing but filthy lucre would induce me to cross that villainous little strip of bumpy sea. The odd thing is that there are thousands of people so enthusiastic about Rugby football that they will go to Dublin when there is neither profit nor compulsion to induce them. They will sit swaying in Spartan discomfort from London to Holyhead; they will turn out at midnight and crowd into the steamer; they will litter the decks and make their landfall in the ugly murk of dawn; they will spend an exhausting day parading the Dublin streets and watching the game, and then home again under the stars. That sounds romantic, but have you ever contemplated the constellations upon their voyages from the deck of the Dublin steam-packet in the small hours? Consciously, I mean.

WELL, well, and what about the game? I hope, to begin with, that Ireland will look more like an international side than they did at Twickenham, when England beat them so conclusively. Something was wrong with Ireland that day; whether it was a touch of the Irish Channel I don't know, but there was none of the usual fury and abandon and explosiveness about them.

I rather think old age is the trouble, for there are three or four elderly gentlemen in the pack who have rendered fine service in the past, but now are apt to blow up long before no-side. Mind you, the Irishmen beat England very decisively in the tight, there is no denying that, but in the loose rushes they were not the tigers we expected them to be.

BEHIND the scrummage, however, Ireland failed rather dismally. Murray did his best at scrum-half, but Davy at stand-off half was far too slow. Even Hunt was not the gay adventurer we applauded so vigorously last year, and Waide had no chance whatever.

I don't know whether there are any scrum-halves besides Murray in Ireland, but if there are, it seems to me that Murray might with advantage return to his original position of stand-off half. He has the speed, the alertness, the kicking, the hands—he might become the mainspring of that Irish back division.

ON the face of it, Scotland should win on Saturday. They have their triumph at Swansea to give them confidence; they are young, keen and determined to put Scotland on the map from which they slid ignominiously last season. What is more, Ian Smith takes kindly to the job of captaining the side; he seems able to keep his men on their toes, and he retains his own dash and determination. Ian Smith is one of the outstanding personalities of post-war "Rugger"; and it will be a long time before we forget that great stride of his when he makes for the line.

THE youngsters in the Scottish team were successful, also—the burly Lorraine, the safe Jackson, the swift Fyfe, the massive Brown at full-back. And Lind is clearly a centre to be feared, though as a stand-off half he was too much of an individualist.

As for the forwards, they trounced the Welshmen in the Swansea mud, and what more can you ask than that? And the best of them was Beattie, a panther in the line-out, who subdued even the redoubtable Watcyn Thomas. There 's Scottish blood in me—as you may have guessed—but I don't think this pæan of praise is unjustified. And what a mighty relief it is to be able to praise at all, after so many weary months, and even years, of criticism.

THE whole of this season I have been puzzling my head about the general standard of Rugby football. In September it seemed so certain that a revival was due, and one or two club games confirmed our belief. And then came the Trial matches and the England v. Wales game, and our hopes went down with a bump. But now they are rising again; for myself, I shall defiantly wear the rosiest of spectacles. We are returning to great days; it will not be long before we can compare our international teams with those which caught the imagination before the war. Indeed, I wonder whether we do not under-rate our contemporary players, whether in years to come we shall not talk with reverence of Novis and Ian Smith and Beamish and Boon.

PERSONALLY, I shall always talk with becoming reverence of Novis, after those tries of his against Ireland. How superbly he went for the line to score the first time, and how brilliantly he swerved and feinted and danced his way through the centre for the second! There have been those who labelled Novis a September player, meaning that he began the season with a flourish and then faded away. He has discarded that label now, and Scotland will need to beware of him indeed.

SCOTLAND, I think, must be a little anxious about their chances against England, for this English side has sprung to life again. And the revival all hinges on to the argument I began in these columns a few weeks ago—adventure or safety, youth or experience? At present I am all for as large a proportion of adventure and youth as possible. Novis, Tallent, Key, Fyfe, Lorraine, McRoss, Wooller—there are the players who put fire into the game. Let us forget the need for playing 'possum, and remember the need for playing football, and all will be well.

DEWAR'S "WHITE LABEL"—*Mellow as Music*

"It keeps you in tune!"

DEWAR'S

Caddie: "Your Tee is ready Sir"
Absent Minded Golfer: "No thanks I'll have a GUINNESS"

G.E.311

Books of the Week

A Mixed Bag: By "Ericus"

THERE are all sorts and conditions of books for your notice this week. Let me begin at once by urging you to read *A Daughter of the Samurai* (Hurst and Blackett; 12*s.* 6*d.*), a really beautiful book that thoroughly deserves all the nice things that have been said about it. Mrs. Etsu Inagaki Sugimoto is Professor of Japanese at Columbia University, and in this autobiography of hers she explains how she came to step from an ancient into a modern civilisation and combine a deep devotion to both of them. She tells of the rigid discipline of her childhood on the snow-laden north-west coast of Japan; of her betrothal to a friend of her brother's living in America; of her journey and her delight in her reception there; and of her impressions of this new world and her duties therein. Then comes the death of her husband and her return with her two children to Japan and the old order of things once more. A simple enough story, perhaps, but there is a great deal more in it than that. First of all there is the delicacy of thought and dignity of expression that pervades the entire book. Then the background of ancestral tradition, painted in harmonious tones of fact and fairy story. And, lastly, the naïve wonder of the young bride at the odd ideas of the West, and the charming philosophy with which she accepts them and weaves them into the fabric of her life and that of her delightful children. How happy the reviewer if all books were like this one!

AND now—an abrupt transition—to Leningrad, where Fräulein Lili Körber worked as a foundry-hand for eight weeks. She sets down her impressions in *Life in a Soviet Factory* (The Bodley Head; 5*s.*), a most instructive disclosure of the mass-productive mind, with the stamp of authenticity all over it. But I have a feeling that the writer knows she is skating on thin ice and is being laudably tactful in the expression of her opinions. Says her friend, Varya, in a pathetic farewell scene at the end of the book: "When you 're back there, stand by us. Work for us and tell the others, and soon you people outside will be building up works like ours." Having read Fräulein Körber's book, I can only remark, "God forbid!"

LIKE the conjuror at the children's party, Mr. Christopher Morley always has some unexpected delight up that elegant sleeve of his. This time it is a novel in the shape of a biography told backwards. Which sounds nonsense, but isn't, though it probably would be in any other hands but his. *Human Being* (Faber; 7*s.* 6*d.*) opens with the death of Richard Roe, one of those perfect specimens of normality at which Mr. Morley excels. "In France he would have been a good Frenchman; in Turkey a good Turk; in an ant-hill a good ant." But his friend, Mr. Hubbard, felt there was more to Richard than that. And so he discovers as he continues gently on his way, methodically piecing together his inspired biography. This is a quite exceptionally fine piece of imaginative writing. Mr. Morley at his best, in fact. And you can't say fairer than that.

IN the heat—and what heat!—of the Brisbane Test Match it is a relief to turn to cricket's lighter side. This side is exemplified by Dr. H. V. Hordern, forerunner of the Maileys and Grimmetts of later days, in *Googlies* (Angus and Robertson; 6*s.*), an unpretentious volume of modest and cheerful reminiscence covering practically every country in which the game is played. The great beauty of this book lies in its author's obvious delight in cricket for its own sake. To him "figures are the most misleading things, really the spoil-sport of a great game." He even smiled during a Test Match! Once only, it is true, and then in apology—one of Frank Foster's best had gone off the back of his bat for four—and he straightened his face immediately, of course, remembering that the fate of nations hung in the balance. He tells many excellent stories, old and new, and is engagingly appreciative of the friendships the game has brought him.

Rosalind Wade

Author of "Kept Man," published by Chapman and Hall. Miss Wade's first book, "Children, Be Happy," was withdrawn after many vicissitudes

Photos Elisabeth Ivimey

Winifred Holtby

A director of "Time and Tide," whose new book, "Mandoa, Mandoa," has been well reviewed

TALKING of cricket, Mr. George C. Foster commits a blunder or two in his new novel, *Rahab and Rachel* (Chapman and Hall; 7*s.* 6*d.*). His hero, Christopher Kent, works at his book in the mornings and plays for the county in the afternoons. But that is a small matter in a sincere and partially successful endeavour to discuss the post-war changes of relationship between the sexes. I say "partially," because Mr. Foster's argument is curiously inconsequential in places. Christopher, for example, at no time shows the intelligence necessary to produce such a book as *Speculations of An Ignoramus on the Infinite*, of which we are told: "Reviewers and the public had been quick to recognise the deep thought behind the work." Nor can I see, for the life of me, that Nudism is a panacea for all our ills, as I gather Mr. Foster would have us believe. For all that, his story goes with a swing, and is notable for good characterisation.

"SUCH WOMEN ARE DANGEROUS" (Hutchinson; 10*s.* 6*d.*) is the apt title Dr. Harold Dearden has given his collection of records of female murderers. It may be due to my sense of humour not being fully developed, but the author's style does not appeal to me. Forced facetiousness when dealing with murder is out of place, as when he speaks of Catherine Flannagan's husband: "He was an Irishman; Catherine had never done a stroke of work, either.'

Westminster Whispers

Un-Parliamentary Asides

By "Big Ben"

THERE is an extraordinary air of unreality about Parliament to-day, and Members themselves are conscious of it. They debate, they vote, they sit on Committees, but they influence the course of events not at all. There can never have been a time when back-benchers counted for so little; what is inexplicable is the apparent unconcern with which they have accepted the present conditions.

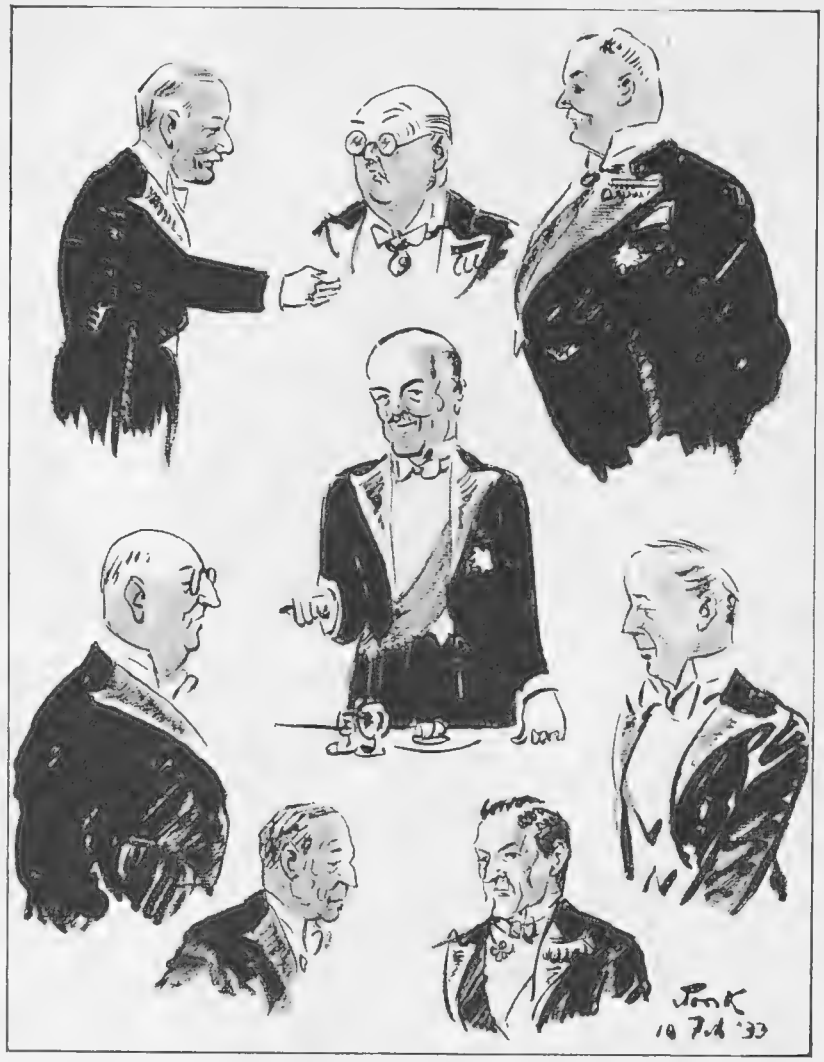
THE initiation of policy has, of course, always been the prerogative of the Prime Minister and the Cabinet; but control of the execution of policy has always been Parliament's. Now the Commons are presented with accomplished facts and are asked for their approval; and they know that it does not make a ha'p'orth of difference whether they approve or not.

MR. MACDONALD keeps his Cabinet hard at work, but he neglects Parliament as much as he dare. The future of this country is settled nowadays by some sub-committee of the Cabinet. Whether it 's all for the best, I don't know. But I do know that it is not Parliamentary Government. The lack of protest, the calm in which this revolution or evolution (whichever way one looks at it) has been carried through seems to point to the fact that it was inevitable, and has been generally recognised as such.

THE American Debt negotiations have overshadowed everything this past week. It would be folly to judge from the meagre announcements made whether we have, in fact, capitulated to the United States' point of view or not. Mr. MacDonald is probably not unaware, however, that, in the past, Prime Ministers have fallen more on account of faulty foreign policy than because of any domestic troubles. It is a complete misbelief that the people of this country take no interest in foreign affairs.

IF the world is ever to get in gear again a National Government here is essential. No Party Government could hope to put through the legislation a National Government has already put through, and the more it may have to in the future. Is anything being done to keep support of the National Government alive in the constituencies?

I UNDERSTAND that Mr. Hore Belisha, who is the directing force of the Liberal Nationalists, would like to come to some working agreement with the Conservative and National Labour Parties. Not only is organisation to be considered, but propaganda besides. The Conservatives are holding back—not unnaturally; they have the most to lose. But East Fife strengthened Mr. Hore Belisha's case enormously. There is not the slightest doubt that the "National" Ticket there won the day.



The Argentine Club Dinner

"Jonk's" impression of a few of the 250 guests at the dinner given at the Dorchester Hotel by the Argentine Club in honour of H.E. Señor Dr. Don Julio A. Roca, G.B.E., Vice-President of the Argentine Republic, at which the Prince of Wales was present. Top: Rt. Hon. Lord Faringdon, C.H. (Chairman), Lieut.-Col. Woodbine Parish, C.M.G., C.B.E., (Chairman of the Committee), Brig.-Gen. Sir Arthur Maxwell, K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O. (Deputy Chairman). Centre: H.E. Señor Dr. Don Julio A. Roca. Below: H.E. Señor Dr. Don Manuel E. Malbrán, G.B.E., Sir Robert Vansittart, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., the Rt. Hon. Sir Malcolm Robertson, G.C.M.G., K.B.E., and the Rt. Hon. Walter Runciman, M.P.

THE Socialists are confident that they will win Rotherham. Whatever happens Mr. Hore Belisha comes out on top. If the Conservative loses he can point to lack of live "National" propaganda. If he wins, it will only be the "National" appeal that has helped him to win what is generally regarded as a Socialist seat.

MR. DRUMMOND WOLFF has had a distinguished career in the Air Force and in business abroad; but he has no practical political experience. Against him is Alderman Dobbie, a Yorkshireman who has devoted his life to Trade Union work, and has fought three elections.

ROTHERHAM may be a key election. Anyhow, it would be a blow for the Government to lose a seat just at this moment. The ex-Member, Major Herbert, by his illness sterilised political activity there for over a year. Scarborough's silent Member, Sir Paul Latham, fought it in 1929 and was defeated by 16,000 votes. Major Herbert squeezed home in 1931 by under 1000. It is bound to be a stiff fight. Is Mr. Wolff the man for the job?

THE London Passenger Transport Bill trundles its way through the House in spite of the admirable offensive tactics of Sir Kenyon Vaughan-Morgan. The Member for East Fulham is probably almost unknown outside his own constituency, but he is in the best traditions of the Tory Party, loyal but independent, critical but constructive; one of the best examples of the business man turned politician. It is pleasant to say that; there are so many of the opposite sort.

BUDGET Baiting will start soon. I imagine Mr. Chamberlain is quite prepared for it. Messrs. Remer and Hannon play some small part in these annual manœuvres, while the big guns, Sir Henry Page Croft and Sir Robert Horne, are conveniently in the background.

MR. AMERY should be to the forefront; he has many interests to serve. Mr. Herbert Williams is ready for anything. The Government has its critics, but its opponents, Socialists, Liberals, and the Nathan are the least of them.

Why Not a Fashion Page for Men?

Spring Fashions for Golfers Bound for the "Bystander" Meeting at Felixstowe

Pictured by our Special Fashion Artist, H. H. ("Madge") Harris

The "Rex Hartley" model is always exquisitely dressed and his graceful carriage shows off clothes to their best advantage. A dark green bodice has been chosen for this example of chic-ery. A pale green scarf, gloves and shoes are of the same colour

The "John Morrison" over-dress model is specially planned for blue skies, treacherous winds, and concealing the young middle-aged spread. Everything about it is wrinkled. The bags fall in sculptured, manly folds, while a coloured girdle encircles the waist

The "Eric Martin Smith" model wears this lovely creation with great distinction. Its tender lines plainly show the influence of classic and pseudo-classic fashions. The large-checked Morris bags add just that little touch of something the others haven't got

The "Lord Tennyson" model has been chosen for the enchanting ensemble. The coat of béige bouclé hopsack is cut with full sleeves and is very chic and contemporary. The model is here shown lifting the left bag to reveal how the garter is tied

The "General Critchley" model owes much to the influence of Tommy Armour et Cie (of U.S.A.), and proves that it is to the industry of the silkworm rather than the shearing of the sheep that we owe this perfect ensemble. A tie is added for evening wear

The "Sir John Simon" model, showing a Swiss influence, is seen wearing a smart jumper of flame-colour basket-weave cloth with metal clips. Notice how the yoke is cleverly cut in the plus fours. The extremely smart sports cap is worn high on the model

Far left: Miss Spicer (Surrey) and Miss Beryl Pockett (Sussex)

Left: Mrs. Boyd (Surrey) and Miss V. Black (Sussex)

Below: Mrs. Matthews, captain of Sussex II. team

Miss Joan Lloyd, captain of Surrey II. team against Sussex II.

Surrey II. v. Sussex II. at Ashdown Forest

Women's Golf

Young Players

By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER—

THERE is only a little more to tell you at the moment about L.G.U. affairs. The immediate aftermath of the Annual General Meeting was *not* (as the sensation-mongers tried to suggest) wholesale resignation of the Executive Council over the turn-down of the Tour. Where would have been the good, when it was not they, newly elected, but their predecessors in office who had been up to mischief? There is a new Chairman, for Mrs. Hodson had already retired under the constitution, to the very great regret of everybody. Miss Lloyd Williams steps into her shoes—no easy ones to fill, particularly at this moment. But men of Devon have ever risen to occasions, especially when exploration was the order of the day, and the delegate for Devon has had any amount of experience in handling affairs. Cables have been sent to New Zealand and Australia telling them that their delightful invitations must be refused for 1933, and presumably the Executive is now setting about the business of who are the right people to ask now there is the shorter trip to South Africa only to be considered. Good luck to them, and to the team, when chosen!

MEANWHILE, the captains of County second teams are hard at work over their matches, and really "work" is le mot juste for the proceeding in these be-'flu-ed days. Miss Joan Lloyd, for example, rang up twenty-one Surreyites before she arrived at the needful seven to tackle Sussex II. at Royal Ashdown Forest in the match which opened the season.

I do love Ashdown, and was thoroughly grateful to Mrs. Matthews, the Sussex captain, for taking the match there, so that I had a legitimate excuse for a visit. I don't quite know what it is, but my spirits always seem to go up an appreciable degree the moment I set foot on that sandy turf, hear the burn babbling round the Island hole, and see the sun shining on those soft brown slopes of the Forest away beyond the 10th. Perhaps any course where a championship has been played takes on a little additional glamour, and the English there last year was a very interesting event indeed, but my love for the place is of far longer standing than that. I tried not to disagree violently with those who, on first arrival for County Finals last September, argued that it was no championship course—and by the end of the week they had come round to the charms of the place and there was no need to argue. If you don't know it, all I can suggest is that you make friends with a member and get him to give you a day there. You may curse your golf, if you are driving badly, because you will find a good deal of heathery trouble, or putting badly, because there is any amount of slope, and the greens are faster than they look, even at this time of the year, but I have a notion that if you are honest with yourself you will admit that you, not the course, is to blame.

THIS is a digression from the actual events of Surrey II. v. Sussex II. The most slashing part of the proceedings was Miss Livingstone's good lead to Surrey with a 9 and 8 win from Miss V. Jennings; the most exciting Miss Lloyd's at the 19th from Mrs. Cook, who had been a certain amount up all the time until then. But it often seems as if the perfect Second Team captain hardly allows herself to consider her own wins, however gallant, nor those of players who have left their teens behind them, however crushing. The whole object of Second Team matches is a quest for Youth, with a very large Y indeed. Accordingly, because Miss Beryl Pockett was the youngest player on either side, being only just seventeen, it did not matter that she was playing a humble last for Sussex; she was the player that any spectators there were took notice of, just as they were interested to see how Miss Raworth was faring for Surrey, she being the young daughter of the well-known St. George's Hill amateur. As a matter of fact, there was some very good pitching to be seen from both of them—sound and sufficient reason why both won their respective matches. Miss Pockett is normally long, though just now a wretched slice is robbing her of length, and Miss Raworth picks up the club in a way which, somehow—it is very small and almost indefinable—stamps her as a golfer.

SURREY got home by 5 to 2, just before a deluge came down, but as I drove away through the downpour I didn't ponder over the actual result nearly so much as the whole problem of young golfers and the public's attitude towards them. Here was I, for instance, quite sure that the portion of that public who read what I write would only really want to know about the youngest players and the chance any of them might have of astonishing the world. At the same time, I felt equally sure that this very curiosity of the world, its whole over-attention to youthful golfers makes their way immeasurably harder than it need be. They are likely, at first, to get a good deal of adulation (and find it very hard to know what to say to it), and they are bound to have all sorts of disappointments and set-backs. Perhaps how they emerge from those set-backs determines whether they will turn into good golfers or poor ones. It always seems to me that any round of golf needs a capacity for taking hard knocks cheerfully, and that the temperament which is discouraged by beatings and lack of appreciation, and all the rest of it in the lump, is never going to stand up to bad luck in a round, and, therefore, will never make the great golfer. Sometimes one sees a young golfer of quite fair promise completely ruined because she is put too early into a county first team, where she gets more beatings than her temperament can assimilate. I know some people say that the modern young golfer is too assured, and is sorely in need of all the beatings she can be given. I don't agree. Of course, there are some who need nothing so much as a few good hidings, but these are bound to come, sooner or later, and it is better to give a helping hand than a push downwards.

Yours ever, ELEANOR E. HELME.

The SPORTFOLIO

World-Wide Activities

Laurie Raiteri (right) sparring with Gene Stanley, the "fighting schoolboy," of America, at Sharpe's Gymnasium, East London. Raiteri, the Stratford Cruiser-weight, is meeting Seaman Harry Rowles at the Crystal Palace on February 26

J. O. Wisdom, runner-up for the Irish Championship, playing for his Blue in the Cambridge University match against Royal Mid-Surrey, won by C.U.

Left: Bradman falls to Larwood, caught by Allen, for 8 in the Third Test, which England won at Adelaide by 338 runs

That Leg Trap!

Morning Football: a Cambridge player at Old Deer Park making a break-away in the match against Rosslyn Park, which was played before luncheon in order to allow the teams to see the England v. Ireland Rugby match at Twickenham

V. McGrath, the young Australian lawn tennis hope, E. Vines, the lawn tennis champion, G. O. Allen and R. E. S. Wyatt, of the M.C.C. team, at U.S.A. v. Australia lawn tennis match in Tasmania. The "Aussies" are coming to England this year

F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf

A Summing-up

Mr. Justice Fairlie, encouraged by his red setter, Glen, preparing his judgment in the now-famous dispute over the proposal to alter the conditions of the Amateur Championship. "The Bystander" once more thanks all the distinguished golfers who have contributed to the argument pro and con

Gentlemen of the Jury,

You have assisted at a most interesting trial : the trial of the Amateur Championship. This, as you know, is the event which every amateur golfer in this country, and of many others, tries his very hardest to win. It is the ultimate aim of the unpaid, the crowning glory of a golfing career.

It has been accused of handing out its honours to men scarcely worthy of them, by means of inadequate and out-of-date conditions.

My duty is clear : I must summarise the evidence which has been put before you in this Court, and I must advise you as to the law. But further than that I cannot go ; you must each of you severally make up your mind and decide whether the prosecution has succeeded in bringing sufficient evidence to prove the charge, or whether the defence has succeeded in rebutting the charge by means of the evidence which it, in turn, has produced. You must remember, however, that you may only judge on the evidence which has been brought before you ; you must not allow your heart to sway your judgment and give a decision in favour of the defendants purely because you feel a sentimental affection for an old institution and the conditions which have always governed it. I admit that it is difficult to forgo sentiment : the learned counsel who is prosecuting stated in his opening speech that there was a certain faith still prevalent in the old saying : "What was good enough for your father is good enough for you." With him, however, I would remind you of the fallacy of this argument ; was your father satisfied with what was good enough for your grandfather ? (See R. and A. v. Comparative Rabbits : Legality of National Handicaps established ; and, later, Championship Committee v. National Handicaps of five and over.)

Very well : let us examine the evidence which has been put before us.

One of the chief difficulties with which you will have to deal lies in the true meaning of the words "Amateur Champion." On this point the evidence is conflicting. For the prosecution, Rex Hartley and Dale Bourn agree that the Amateur Championship should exist for finding the best amateur golfer of the year, and therefore the title should only be bestowed on a man of the highest class. For the defence, Eric Martin-Smith concurs with this view, and maintains that no alteration in conditions is required to bring about this state of things. Evidence which can only be described as neutral is supplied by Sir Ernest Holderness, but on this difficult point he differs from the others : he says that he is very doubtful whether or not the Amateur Championship is designed to find the best amateur golfer of the year. He rather infers that it should be to find the best holiday golfer, and this view is also held by John Morrison, who, when giving evidence for the defence, contends that the object of the championship is to discover the best player of golf as the game is usually played by amateurs. The evidence of Giles Gillies, after which, you will remember, the Court was forced to adjourn, seems to be very strongly in favour of the strictest possible interpretation of the words.

Now, in my view, this is a matter of law, and so I will ignore the evidence and dictate to you on the subject. The meaning of the words "Amateur Champion" must be "the finest amateur golfer of the year." Otherwise, he would not be the champion of amateurs. If Sir Ernest Holderness and John Morrison are right, then the event ceases to be a championship, and should not be described as such. It should bear a title such as "the Open Amateur Tournament."

I started this case, gentlemen, with a fairly open mind, and I was impressed by the prosecutor's opening remarks. I was more impressed by the amount of support which he received in the form of offers to give evidence, in many cases from complete strangers. But on the opening day of the trial Eric Martin-Smith, for the defence, made a most illuminating statement just before leaving the witness box. He said : "I can't help thinking that those in favour of a 36-hole championship are mostly made up of these surprising failures and their supporters."

The failures to which he was referring are those tigers who suffer defeat at the hands of comparative rabbits year after year, sometimes before the final stages of the championship, and he is, I think, perfectly right in making this statement. However, that is a matter for you to decide.

One other point in the individual evidence put before you. John Morrison states that he fails to see how playing matches of 36 holes instead of 18 is going to improve the standard of play of our Amateur Champions. The prosecution, on the other hand, definitely states that by qualifying by medal play and then playing thirty-six-hole matches, a class player will certainly win, whereas, at the moment, a class player does not always win. Morrison himself says that "it is obvious if you extend a golf match long enough the better player will win in the end" : the prosecution agrees with that view and, whilst unprepared to extend the matches to a ridiculous length, advocates an extension long enough to give the better player as good a chance as possible on an off day.

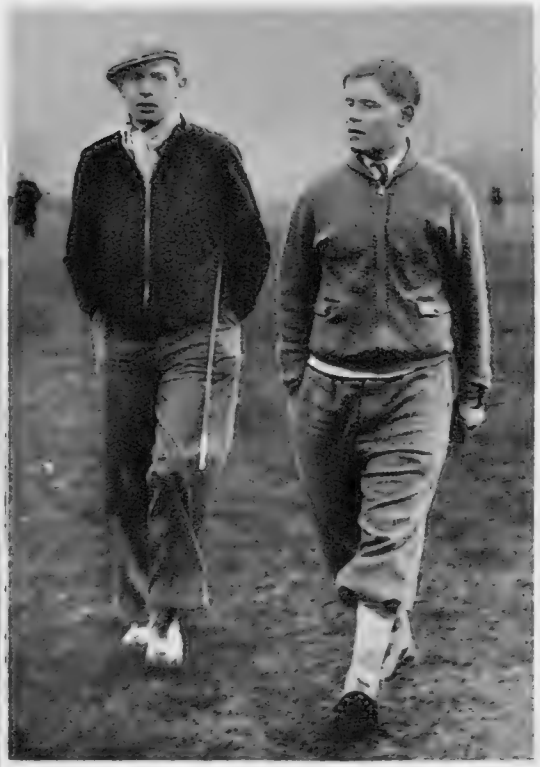
One point must be made very clear to you, however, and that again is a matter of law, so I will presume to dictate. The prosecution does *not* advocate the total abolition of match play in favour of 72 holes of medal play. That was not mentioned in the charge, and is therefore inadmissible as evidence. The Open Championship is open to amateurs as well as professionals, and should the event be won by an amateur not that year the amateur champion, his would certainly be considered the finer performance. Let the Amateur Championship, at least as far as the main feature is concerned, always be decided by match play.

Finally, therefore, I must point out to you that the whole question rests with you : do you, on the evidence which has been put before you, think that a change is required ? If you do, the charge is proved ; if you do not, the defence has prevailed. You should take with you copies of the last four numbers of this Court's official organ, The Bystander, wherein all the evidence will be found with which to refresh your memories.

It may be that you will disagree with the proposed conditions laid down by the prosecutor. You may wish to bring in a verdict stating that qualifying by thirty-six holes of medal play for sixty-four places, the matches to be of eighteen holes until only sixteen are left to battle on over thirty-six holes, would be a better system. There are countless ways in which you can revise the present arrangements, if you think they call for revision. But you have been given a lead : it is now up to you to make use of it if you so desire.

Left: K. T. Thomson, who is the Cambridge captain, and C. D. Gray, Royal Mid-Surrey

The Rt. Hon. Sir Stanley Jackson (Royal Mid-Surrey), the former England cricketer, newly appointed captain of the club



G. R. A. Jamieson (Cambridge University) and W. C. Carr (Royal Mid-Surrey), going to the 4th green

A Cambridge Trial

Against Royal Mid-Surrey at Golf

The Royal Mid-Surrey Captain-Elect

D. A. Drayson (Royal Mid-Surrey) and T. F. B. Law (Cambridge University) going to the 5th green

Above: R. H. McGill (Cambridge University) and Cyril F. Woodbridge (Royal Mid-Surrey). Cambridge won by eleven matches to five

Extreme left: two Royal Mid-Surrey stalwarts: W. A. Murray and Major C. O. Hezlet at the 1st tee

Sport with the Lid Off

A Frank, Fair and Free Commentary

By "Mark Over"

THE death of Ernie Schaaf, the promising young American heavy-weight, after his fight with Primo Carnera, is a real tragedy of the ring. Sound judges had prophesied a great future for Schaaf; he had eight consecutive knock-out victories to his credit in 1931, and he was perfectly built for a fighter.

I make no comment upon the blow which caused his death, though I am convinced that the unhappy Carnera cannot in any way be blamed. Indeed, of all boxers, Carnera is one of the most unfortunate, for he has known throughout his career that he must continually pull his punches. Critics have praised much smaller men, like Larry Gains, for beating Carnera; they have deduced from the giant's defeats that brain will always beat brawn. So it very often will, but there are exceptions to every generalisation. My own firm belief is that if Carnera had dared to let himself go, no one in the world could have stood up against him, let alone beaten him.

For so massive a man, Carnera is remarkably fast and clever, but though I saw him fight several times, not once did I see him loose a real punch. He propped and patted and stabbed, but what gargantuan pats those were, coming from fists the size of hams, with nearly twenty stone behind them! And what an amazingly thick, solid tree-trunk of a man Carnera is! The first time I saw him—and this is a common experience—I gasped, and wondered whether it could really be true. He is a phenomenon, and it has always seemed obvious—and I think I have said as much in these columns—that if ever he put his weight behind a blow which connected, his opponent would inevitably be killed or seriously injured. Well, there it is, and I am as sorry for Carnera as I was for Schaaf when I heard that he was dying. It cannot be much fun, being a giant, unless you are prepared for a giant's share of trouble.

Above: the Toronto Nationals practising previous to their match against England at ice-hockey. They won by 6 goals to 2

Above: L. A. Booth scoring the second try for England in the International against Ireland at Twickenham

Left: Carl Aarvold, the "Rugger" International, and Miss Noeline Hill, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hill, of Denton Park, Ben Rhydding, Yorkshire, to whom he has become engaged

Below: W. P. Mellen (Brasenose), the victorious Oxford stroke of 1923, who has taken over the coaching of the Oxford crew, talking to W. D. C. Erskine-Crum, one of this year's very promising eight

AND while we are on the boxing tack, was there ever such a fiasco as the contest between Larry Gains and Reggie Meen last week! I never wish to waste money on so pitiful an exhibition again, and I am afraid this was the general opinion of the exceptionally large crowd at Leicester. From the first moment, Meen hugged Gains, and nothing would induce him to stand away and box. The referee did his best—he was, indeed, almost too indulgent—but Meen clung on like a limpet and was ignominiously disqualified. An odd fellow, this Meen—magnificently built, wonderfully courageous against Walter Neusel, inexcusably weak against Gains. One of those strange personalities who seem common among boxers—a mixture of courage and nervousness, strength and weakness. Meen, surely, has had his day, though heaven knows it goes against the grain to deprive anyone of a second chance in these hard times. Apparently that young fire-eater, Doyle, is anxious to try his luck with Meen; perhaps this would be a fair match, with Doyle the firmest of favourites, despite his ignorance and crudity. Anyway, he may have learnt something with Descamps at La

Words of Wisdom

H. A. Walker (Queen's), who tied for second place in the high jump, Division 2, in the O.U. Inter-Collegiate Athletic Cup Finals. He cleared 5 ft. 6 in.

Guerche. Still, I think Doyle would be well advised to lie low for a bit, or he may run into such a hammering that all the fight will be knocked out of him. It is true that a terrible beating may entirely ruin a boxer's career.

I wonder, incidentally, what McCorkindale, Petersen and Cook had to say after the Meen affair? They were all three sitting near the ring-side, with Harry Crossley and Johnny Cuthbert also in the crowd. I imagine the tiny Cuthbert would have fancied his chances against Meen that evening.

THERE was one significant incident at Leicester. Just before the big fight, the M.C. made an appeal for funds for the Leicestershire Cricket Club. "No one," he shouted, "would like cricket to stop in Leicester; but the club is in serious financial difficulties." Nobody paid the slightest attention. "Gentlemen!" he roared, "I appeal to you as sportsmen——" and everybody went out to get a drink. Well, the M.C. made a plucky effort, but he failed. The indifference of the crowd was unexpected. I hope it was not significant.

And, talking of cricket, a belated cheer for Eddie Paynter and his tonsilitis innings—a fine show, as even the barrackers agreed.

The final of the Women's Singles at the Carlton Lawn Tennis Club, at Cannes, furnished a surprise, for Miss Sheila Hewett, on the right, beat Fräulein Cilly Aussem, seen left, in three closely contested sets

I HEAR there is plenty of talk going round about this rumour that the American Lawn Tennis Association intend to hold an open lawn tennis championship for amateurs and professionals together. On principle, why not? Is tennis so.

The finish of the 100-yards sprint in the Cambridge University Athletics Inter-Collegiate Competition, showing P. L. Sherwood (Corpus) winning from D. L. Rathbone (Trinity) and R. E. Grubb (Trinity)

strictly an amateur game that the amateurs would be sullied by contact with their paid brothers and sisters? On practical grounds there are obvious difficulties—International Federation rulings, for one thing, which would cut America off from the rest of the tennis-playing world if they persisted with the scheme. Even so, I'm afraid I cannot see anything shocking in the idea—the golfers meet, paid and unpaid, without noticeably bad effects, and the same would doubtless apply to tennis. Or would it? I don't know—anyway, let us have a clear-cut and generally agreed definition of a lawn tennis amateur first of all.

BY the way, I see that there have been negotiations between the Wimbledon Committee of Management and the Australian Lawn Tennis Association relative to the visit this year of competitors in the Championships from the Antipodes. The former have guaranteed £750 towards the travelling expenses of the Australian Davis Cup Team, consisting of J. Crawford, V. McGrath, A. Quist, and D. P. Turnbull, whom we shall all be delighted to see playing in the Championships, even though it does seem that finance enters more and more into the game.

LASTLY, two words of congratulation—one to the Navy on having appointed Commander C. A. Kershaw, the old England scrum-half, better known as plain "K," to be sole selector of the Navy's Rugby football team; the other goes to the Rugby Union for electing Mr. Mark Waters as hon. treasurer and a member of the International Board.

Kershaw has been abroad, but he is stationed at home now, and there is no more shrewd judge of a player; Mark Waters is the soundest of the sound, one of those unobtrusively great men who always ring true.

Brig.-Gen. A. C. Critchley, Mr. E. J. Robertson, Admiral Sir Sydney Fremantle and Mr. Neil Maclean at the annual banquet of the Greyhound Racing Society which was held at the Savoy Hotel

Greyhound Racing

By "White Citizen"

THE National Greyhound Racing Society last week decided to close down all Totalisators on the tracks affiliated to it, which is to say, on the licensed tracks in England and Wales. No followers of greyhound racing can do anything but deplore that circumstances should have made this most unfortunate decision necessary. The operation of Totalisators on greyhound racing tracks has been to give employment to thousands of people, and the beneficial effect of greyhound racing, in all its departments, on employment and taxation is always a matter which is very carefully avoided by its opponents in debates for a very good reason—there is no answer to the claim.

BRIG.-GENERAL LOGAN, writing in the *Times*, remarked that he had seen the value of greyhound racing in this respect as well as the great distress caused by the throwing out of employment of men engaged in the working of a "Tote." He also remarked that he had personally witnessed the pleasure derived from greyhound racing by its poorer patrons, and suggested that it served an excellent purpose in diverting their minds from brooding over their hardships in these difficult times. General Logan finished his letter by remarking that unemployment and heavy taxation are far more demoralising to the well-being of the community than is the harm done to a very few unbalanced individuals who may bet rashly and beyond their means, but who will continue to do so whether dog racing remains or not. This is a very true point: in fact, taking it all in all, it is very hard to see and really valid reason why the Totalisator should not be permitted on greyhound racing tracks.

I SEE that a resolution has been moved in the House of Commons approving the action of the Government in postponing any legislation which may be necessary in dealing with Totalisators on greyhound racing tracks until the Final Report of the Royal Commission has been received, but urging the Government to give very careful consideration to the interests of all those who will be affected by their final decision, be they owners, employees, or frequenters of such tracks. It is certainly a fortunate thing that the Government has not allowed itself to be stampeded into hasty action by the astonishingly biased (in so far as greyhound track "Totes" are concerned) Interim Report of the Commission, and is waiting until the Final Report is received. There is a growing feeling that fair play will finally triumph and that legislation will be brought in to legalise "Totes" on certain licensed greyhound racing tracks. I hope that this feeling accurately foreshadows the action of the Government, and I hope that it will not be very long before once again we see the "Totes" in operation on the licensed tracks. The whole trouble came about with the advent of "Tote" clubs, which have acted as a sort of tin can tied to the tail of the racing greyhound. Poor dog! the presence of that can is not its fault; and I thankfully can say that more and more people are every day ceasing to blame the dog.

The Gentle Art of being Beautiful: By "Maquillage"

ROUGE.

"With a Smile that Glowed Celestial Rosy Red, Love's proper hue."

PERHAPS my sub-title is a little rhapsodical and it may be hardly fair to drag so austere a poet as Milton into an advocacy of "make-up," but there is, or ought to be, something eloquent and harmonic in the lovely reds which enhance a "damask cheek" and add life and allurement to the lips.

When the English feel romantic or rather clever about anything they are apt, with a strange self-consciousness, to express themselves in a foreign language, therefore, we have our *intelligentsia* and *cognoscenti*; we cannot be smart without being *chic*, and an *amour* is definitely more interesting than a mere love affair, and so, when we put red upon our lips or cheeks, it is still *rouge*.

RED is a lovely colour, and the poets have found beautiful words for it such as incarnadine. It is the colour, in the theatre, of sin, in politics, of rebellion, but, apart from metaphorical significance, it is the colour of life-blood and vitality, and adds the charm and character of youth and health to beauty.

It is no longer a sin to enhance natural beauty with cosmetics, although the practitioners have returned to the naturalistic school and the use of powders and rouges which are obvious and contradictory of natural colouring have become, not excitingly suspect, but ridiculously obvious.

THE ideal rouge is one that blends with the natural tones of the skin, and is either imperceptible or so in harmony that it adds to beauty of colouring without being disturbing or vulgarly obvious. This is one of the advantages of the "Tangee" beauty preparations. Almost miraculously, whether used upon the lips or cheeks, "Tangee" is transformed, after it has been on the skin for a very short time, to the natural blood tint, and could not be objected to by the most bigoted of anti-make-up maniacs.

This lip-stick, which has a cold-cream base, and is therefore beneficial, preventing chapping, dryness and cracking of the lips, does not cake, and goes on smoothly. It is, therefore, easy to apply without danger of the ugly, hard line which makes some lip-rouges crude and ageing in effect; it is also waterproof, and does not smear.

"Tangee" rouge has the same merits and is an ideal cosmetic for those who find it necessary to emphasise their natural colouring without producing the mask-like, made-up look which many people dislike and which is definitely a mistake, especially for the young.,

ONE of the difficulties in choosing a cosmetic is to find one suited to one's colouring, and experiments are costly, but "Tangee" solves these problems by adapting itself to the tint and tone of its users, be they blonde, brunette, or red-haired.

Do not ask me how it is done. Chemical reactions, though I am dimly aware of their action, I am not competent to explain, but I have seen "Tangee" on the lips of women of widely divergent colouring, and it appeared "natural," and I would not have known that the same lip-stick had been used.

Bagdad an Air Junction for the East: By Capt. C. E. Ward

The Houston-Everest Expedition

MEMBERS of this Expedition, the finance for which has been provided by Lady Houston as yet another proof of her interest in the twin causes of British aviation and the development of the Empire, left England last Thursday for the scene of operations. The main party travelled by air, Lord Clydesdale flying the Fox Moth, which has been bought for preliminary reconnaissance and communication work, Air-Commodore Fellowes a Puss Moth loaned by J. S. Fry and Sons, and Flight-Lt. McIntyre took a Gipsy Moth. Colonel Blacker, who will be the observer on the flight over Everest, is making the journey more comfortably as a passenger by Imperial Airways to Karachi, where the Westland machines will be unpacked and erected either at the R.A.F. or the civil airport. The flight from Purnea, the R.A.F. aerodrome near the boundary of Nepal, which will be the actual base of operations, may take place about the end of March, but it is more probable that weather conditions will not be completely favourable until some time in April. For photographic purposes, the top of the mountain must be free from cloud, which is a comparatively rare occurrence except during the period before the rains. The *Times*, by whose courtesy certain of these details are reproduced, holds the world copyright of official news about the Expedition's progress, and is represented by Mr. E. C. Shepherd, its air correspondent, who is flying out as a passenger in the Fox Moth. His Majesty the King has sent a message of good wishes and assures the party that he will follow its progress with the greatest interest.

Sir Eric Geddes, Chairman of Imperial Airways, welcomed at Croydon Airport by Sir George Beharrell, on his return from a tour of inspection along the African air route. Mr. G. E. Woods-Humphery, Managing Director of the Company, who accompanied Sir Eric on the flight to Cape Town, is standing immediately behind him on the steps

Airwork in Iraq

THE Company which owns Heston Airport has had a branch in Egypt for some time and is now establishing itself in Iraq. A local service is to be operated from Bagdad to Mosul, which is the oil capital of the country, and for this purpose a Spartan Cruiser is to be used. Captain Neville Stack will be chief pilot, and is flying out in the Cruiser, probably at the end of this week. The machine has been modified considerably in so far as its passenger accommodation is concerned, and instead of having to climb on to the wing and step through a hole in the roof, entry is made through a back door at the rear of the cabin. Four passengers will be carried, with greater space allowed for mail and freight than is provided by the standard type in use over here. Bagdad, the headquarters of the Iraq Company, is already an airport of some importance, with three weekly services to Europe and to the East. In addition to the Imperial air mail to and from India, the Dutch East Indian line calls there, and also the French Air Orient Service from Paris to Indo-China. The German service from Bagdad to Teheran has been discontinued temporarily, owing to the domestic difficulties of the Junker concern which was running it and other lines in Persia, but it can only be a matter of time before the two capitals are again linked by air. Iraq is a country which has skipped centuries of slow development, and seems suddenly to have arrived, in certain respects, as a modern State. Air travel is the only sensible method of getting about in the Middle East, where roads are just tracks through the desert and railways scarcely exist at all.

Who's Who in British Aviation

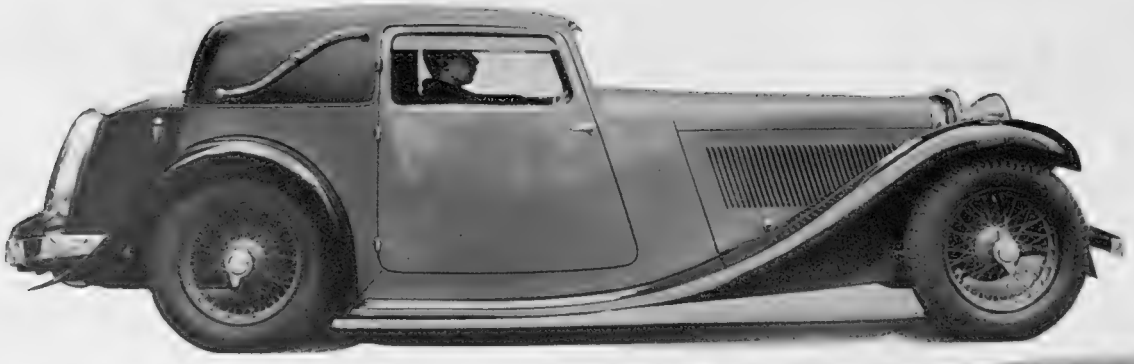
THE edition for 1933 of the only work of reference dealing with the people and the organisations in this flying business has been enlarged to include, amongst other sections, a list of pilots holding current "B" Licences, with a note as to which are also navigators within the meaning of the Act and which are qualified to instruct. A new section is devoted to the Auxiliary Air Force and the Special Reserve, whilst the Regulars are given a summary of strength at the beginning of this year. Gliding Clubs, particulars of the noteworthy flights of 1932, and a bibliography are features of interest for the student and members of the industry alike. No one whose business it is to fly or earn a living at anything connected with aviation can afford to be without a copy of this book, which is published by "Airways" at a price of six shillings.

Exploring by Air

THE aeroplane is coming into use more and more for exploration as its advantages become apparent. If landing grounds exist or can be cleared easily, all preliminary work can be done by air, including the journey from home, wherever that may be, the carriage of supplies to and from a base camp and the photography of places of interest. The latest flights of this kind are being made by Lady Clayton East Clayton to the Libyan Desert, and by three young men, Richard Hamilton, Roger Courtney, the African big-game hunter, and H. W. D. Longden, to Kenya and Rhodesia. Lady Clayton is carrying on the work which was so tragically interrupted last year by the death of her husband whilst they were both exploring for the lost oasis of Zerzura. She is using a three-seater Spartan, the same type chosen by the other party en route to Africa, who propose to make a jungle film in colour. Their machine was bought from the Phillips and Powis School at Reading, where Mr. Longden learnt to fly.

Right: Towards Mount Everest. The scene at Heston soon after dawn, when members of the Houston Expedition were emplaning for the flight to India. Air-Commodore P. F. M. Fellowes, Lord Clydesdale and Flight-Lt. D. F. McIntyre are the pilots of the three Moths seen in the picture, with Mrs. Fellowes and Mr. E. C. Shepherd, air correspondent of the "Times," as passengers

"The Aeroplane"



Left: There is no question as to the good looks of the "S.S.1." Its long, low, graceful lines are undeniably attractive

Below: In spite of its low build, the saloon body is by no means devoid of comfort. The very wide door makes access easy either to the front or back seats

CARS with a Personality

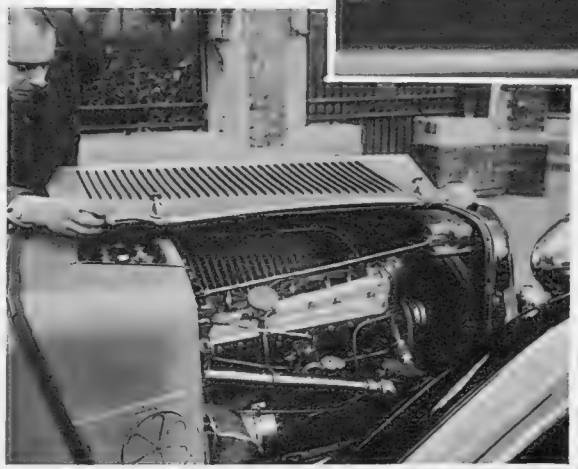
The New Standard Swallow

By The Earl of Cardigan

I SUPPOSE that if one wanted to describe the "S.S.1," or Standard Swallow, in a mere half-dozen words, one would not go far wrong in calling it "the most successful experiment in motoring." An experiment it obviously is—or was, when it was first produced a year or so ago. Unquestionably, it has proved successful. I hear that at Henly's, where these cars are sold on a large scale, the demand is increasing at a remarkable and highly gratifying rate.

The designer's intention was evidently this: "Let us take a 16-h.p. Standard chassis," he seems to have said. "Let us rebuild it on very low and ultra-sporting lines. Let us add a saloon body which is likewise very low, very luxuriously appointed, and very graceful in appearance. Let us then present to the public a brand-new combination of good looks with good performance."

This was done, and the public's appreciation was immediately evident. The only criticism concerned a certain lack of space, notably in the case of the back-seat passengers. Now, in the latest model, even this has, to a large extent, been remedied. The whole layout of the car is rather opposed to genuine back-seat comfort, but a real improvement has been made, and it is only from large-scale passengers that complaints will, in future, be heard.



Under the bonnet, in addition to an admirably efficient engine, are many interesting minor points. The grouped lubrication nipples, accessible oil-filler, and conveniently located battery are all designed to gratify the owner-driver

Below: The luggage trunk is of substantial size, and in the lid of it the tools are neatly and conveniently placed. An unusual feature is a special rear light, which can be opened for ventilation purposes

Above: As the passenger sees it. This unusual photograph gives a good idea of the pleasing lines of the interior of the car

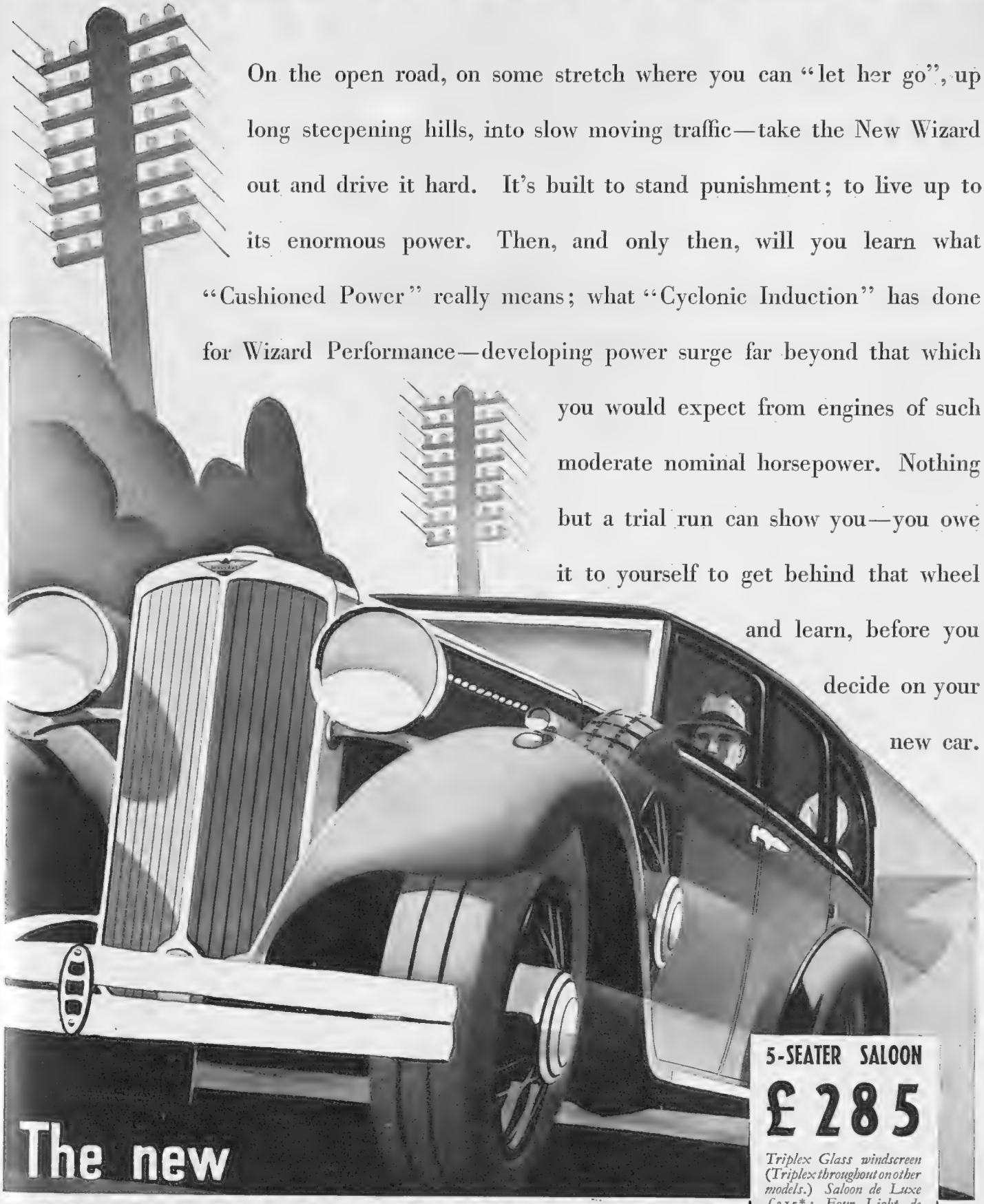
OF the "S.S.1's" ability to put up a first-rate performance on the road there can be no question whatever. The driving position is excellent—the leg-room provided for the front-seat passengers being almost lavish—and the car's behaviour at all times is such as to inspire thorough confidence. The low centre of gravity, due chiefly to the underslung frame, makes for an unusual degree of steadiness.

The six-cylinder engine, although full of "life," is admirably smooth. It is extremely silent, apart from the pleasant note of the exhaust, and displays no trace of vibration throughout its wide range of speed. A very welcome addition to the instrument-board is a "rev-counter," and this shows that 4000 r.p.m. (which definitely is not the limit) is reached at 70 m.p.h. An agreeably high third gear is capable of a good 55 m.p.h., so that, both in hill-climbing and cruising, the car must be reckoned a fast one. The speed is there, and it is achieved without apparent effort.

THE brakes are very powerful and smooth, and the springing very comfortable at all speeds. The steering is pleasantly light, although geared a shade higher than is usual. Of minor good points there are many. The grouped grease-gun nipples under the bonnet will appeal to the owner-driver, as will the convenient position of the battery.

The rear luggage trunk has the merit of capacious size, and in a tray just beneath the lid is a kit of tools neatly laid out. Finally, the price, which would be difficult to guess from the car's appearance, is the very moderate one of £325.

YOU OWE IT TO YOURSELF...



On the open road, on some stretch where you can "let her go", up long steepening hills, into slow moving traffic—take the New Wizard out and drive it hard. It's built to stand punishment; to live up to its enormous power. Then, and only then, will you learn what "Cushioned Power" really means; what "Cyclonic Induction" has done for Wizard Performance—developing power surge far beyond that which you would expect from engines of such moderate nominal horsepower. Nothing but a trial run can show you—you owe it to yourself to get behind that wheel and learn, before you decide on your new car.

The new

HILLMAN WIZARD

5-SEATER SALOON

£285

Triplex Glass windscreen (Triplex throughout on other models.) Saloon de Luxe £315; Four Light de Luxe Sun Saloon £298*; Sports Saloon £285; Foursome Drop Head Coupé £385; Tourer £280; *Sunshine Roof Standard (£7.10s. on 5-seater Saloon and Sports Saloon). Double Bar Bumpers on 5-Seater Saloon and Tourer £3. 3s. (Standard on other models.)*

WRITE FOR INTERESTING BROCHURE. Please address your enquiries to Dept. M.

THE HILLMAN MOTOR CAR CO. LTD., COVENTRY. London Service Station, Lodge Place, St. John's Wood Road. London Showrooms and Export Dept. ROOTES LTD., DEVONSHIRE HOUSE, PICCADILLY.

Every Hillman owner should read "Modern Motoring." Price 4d. monthly. Obtainable through any newsagent 6/6 per annum, post free.

The Doggy World

The Judge and Me: By Lady Kitty Ritson

I ARRIVED at Cruft's Show complete with luncheon ticket, free entry ticket and all the things which tend to make a visit to a show so pleasant. Not for me the tiresome task of dragging in recalcitrant dogs; not for me being obliged to wait till nine o'clock before I could take my weary limbs home. No! I was IT, for I was stewarding for a foreign judge the first day and judging Alsatian Obedience the second day. So you see, I was fairly plastered with cards and badges and what-nots and so-forths.

I SHALL not reveal to you for what breed I was stewarding, as it might lead to a certain "liveliness." Suffice it to say that when I met the judge at the ring-side and revealed myself to him (as in a heavenly vision) as his interpreter he appeared unimpressed—I might even say bored. However, I never allow any judge for whom I am stewarding to remain bored, so I immediately began to be my bright self, and if you want to know how bright that is—ask my husband if he enjoys breakfast! The fact that my brightness did not appear to influence the judge left me undefeated. I presumed that he had missed his national breakfast, a meal which closely resembles our breakfast and luncheon combined.

WITH the help of the other steward I drove the dogs and exhibitors into the ring. (The average exhibitor makes a point of never being anywhere about when his class is called. That would look as though he were kow-towing to the judge!) I remained modestly in the background until the judge summoned me to interpret for him.

Its Photograph Face *Curling Studios*

Diana of Ware puts on that heartbreaking wistful expression for the camera that only spaniels have. It belongs to Miss Bird, who is the only daughter of Mr. Roy Bird, M.P.

To my horror he addressed me in an utterly unknown language, and I was expecting to interpret for him in German. I answered in German, and he replied again in something unintelligible, this time becoming a trifle snappy. The net result was that I cast a hasty eye over the dog and told the exhibitor in English what I thought of it. This worked very well indeed, and nobody was any the worse or any the wiser. But tragedy was to follow!

TOWARDS the end of the judging, the judge called for an insignificant puppy dog, that had been beaten by most of the other dogs, and announced his intention of awarding it the certificate. Instantly pandemonium broke loose amongst the infuriated exhibitors, who pointed out that this was quite impossible.

I reasoned gently with him, but all the answer I got was "Schadet nicht," which appeared to be the only German he knew, and which, being interpreted, means, "It doesn't matter." When I tried to explain a little further, he became what might be described as distinctly irritable, and I was faced by a mob of gibbering women and one very on-his-dignity foreign judge. Now, strictly speaking, the judge may do what he pleases, provided he knows he is doing it, so I seized upon the only straw possible, and said softly: "You have changed your mind, and now think that this dog is the best?"

A torrent of unintelligible sounds led me to believe that this was the case, and, facing the gibbering females, I announced: "The matter is finished," and, turning upon my magisterial heel, I left with dignity.

This is a true tale of me and that foreign judge.

Shampoo and Trim Please

Woof! Woof!

DO you know that all animals occasionally need the care and attention of a specialist to keep them healthy and happy? For years the Society of Herbalists have been making a study of animal care. For their ailments they have now developed a particular branch of herbal medicine that has proved most successful. You owe it to your pet to keep him fit and in good condition. Take him to the Society of Herbalists for treatment.

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Glycerine and Black Currant

PASTILLES

Made from pure glycerine and the fresh juice of ripe black currants.

YOUR CHEMIST STOCKS THEM

In tins: 2 ozs. 8d. 4 ozs. 1/3

VICHY-CÉLESTINS

The world-renowned NATURAL Mineral Water

Bottled as it flows from the Spring.

To maintain good health and enjoy the pleasure of life, always drink this famous NATURAL Mineral Water and flush impurities from the system. It is invaluable in Digestive and Stomach troubles.

VICHY-CÉLESTINS may be taken at any time during the day, but it is most effective when drunk half-an-hour before the three daily meals.

OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE.

CAUTION.—See that the label on the bottle bears the name of the Sole Wholesale Agents:

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ON BERMUDA'S GLISTENING SANDS

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For full particulars write The Pacific Steam Navigation Co., Gores, Water St., Liverpool; Elders & Fyffes, Ltd., 32, Bow St., W.C.2; Furness Withy & Co., Ltd., Furness House, Leadenhall St., E.C.3; or The Bermuda Trade Development Board, 329, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

INTRODUCING

The True Temper "Master" shaft for Irons

Made in varying degrees of whip and a large variety of finishes, Chromium, Black, light and dark grained enamel, light and dark sheath.

THIS new True Temper Master evolved from the wealth of experience gained by the pioneers of steel shafts is a definite advance, a real contribution to better golf. For the new range is entirely complete, perfectly meeting the needs of players widely differing in degrees of skill and physical strength.

The illustrations show extremely important improvements which every golfer will understand.

Most important of all, the whip is placed higher, for the key transmission point of power from the shoulders and hips and wrists has been discovered and placed exactly where it should be. That is only one reason why True Temper Master shafts must, and do mean longer, more powerful, more accurate iron play.

Try one, test it against the best you have ever owned, prove for yourself that it has no equal.

Your pro. will gladly let you try them.

TRUE TEMPER MASTER

TT MASTER STIFF

Look for this transfer on every shaft.

The Steel Shaft for Irons

Made for British Steel Golf Shafts Ltd., *of* 26, Exchange Street, East, Liverpool, by Accles & Pollock, Ltd., of Oldbury, Birmingham. 91.

The Gourmet

Conducted by Emilia

SOME MACARONI DISHES

MACARONI CROQUETTES

*

FILLETS OF SOLE AND MACARONI

*

BLANQUETTES OF VEAL WITH MACARONI

*

KIDNEYS WITH MACARONI

Macaroni Croquettes

BOIL 4 oz. of macaroni twenty minutes and cut up small. Chop up 2 oz. of cooked meat—beef, mutton, or tongue without fat. Heat this up in a gill of tomato sauce, then add the macaroni and 2 oz. of grated cheese. Season with salt and pepper, stir the mixture over the fire, and spread it on a dish to cool. When cold, make up into balls, brush with beaten egg, and roll in breadcrumbs. Fry the croquettes in deep hot fat to a golden brown, drain well and serve hot.

Fillets of Sole and Macaroni

TAKE some fillets of sole and lay them in lemon-juice and pepper. Grease a flat fireproof dish, place a layer of boiled macaroni, then the fish, then the macaroni again. Moisten well with milk, and cook in the oven until the fish is done. Have ready some good white sauce flavoured with cheese, pour over the fish and macaroni, sprinkle with breadcrumbs, and brown in the oven.

Blanquettes of Veal with Macaroni

MELT 2 oz. of butter in a pan, stir in one heaped dessertspoonful of flour, add half a pint of hot white stock or milk by degrees, stirring all the time. When it boils, put in some veal, cut in thin rounds, add a little chopped parsley and lemon-peel, and a little mace, and let it stew gently for an hour. Have ready cooked 4 oz. of macaroni or spaghetti, and add it to the veal. This dish can be cooked and served in a casserole. If sent up as an entrée, it should be garnished with a border of sliced tomatoes or a purée of spinach.

Kidneys with Macaroni

COOK 4 oz. of macaroni, broken in small pieces, for twenty minutes. Skin two or three sheep's kidneys and cut them into thin slices; season with salt, cayenne, and finely-minced herbs, fry them in 1 oz. of butter until browned, take them out and stir into the pan a good tablespoonful of flour, and add half a pint of stock. Stir till well blended, then add a good tablespoonful of Worcester sauce, put in the slices of kidney and the macaroni; stir for a few minutes, and dish up with a layer of macaroni over the kidneys and the sauce poured over. A little grated cheese sprinkled on the top is an improvement.

All entries for THE BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in the issue of* THE BYSTANDER *for the current week.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *and addressed to the Golf Editor of* THE BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2. *The scratch score of the course must be clearly marked on each card, otherwise no responsibility can be accepted for errors.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

"THE BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON FEBRUARY

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* } .....

Address .....

.....

For Club Competition this card to be entered in the total of.....*of which I am a member.*

The Editor's Box

A New Dress for the New Theatre

The modernisation of London theatres, in architecture and interior decoration, has been going on fast the last year or two, and the New Theatre is a good example of the latest ideas in design and colouring. Hamptons, of Pall Mall, are responsible for these, and have been most successful in carrying out their schemes. Rose and beige are the main colours used throughout the theatre; the proscenium and door curtains are of rose silk, and the carpet of rose and beige carries on the colour-scheme. The seats in the circles have been made very much more comfortable, which is all as it should be, for why should theatres lag behind cinemas, some railway companies, and almost all motor-coach-owning firms in the comfort they offer to their less-well-off patrons.

Another Oil Record

Castrol oil has again taken part in a record-breaking flight, for Mr. Jim Mollison filled up with this famous brand before he took off for South America. Both he and Mrs. Mollison have used it in all their great world flights, and Mr. Bert Hinkler broke the record across the South Atlantic from west to east with Castrol "oiling the wheels" for him.

"SPOT THE STARS"

Answers to our £10,000 Competition, Second Series, on p. 338.

1. MR. MONTAGU NORMAN.
2. JACK HULBERT.
3. DOUGLAS BYNG.
4. LADY DIANA COOPER.
5. GILLIE POTTER.
6. JOHN TILLEY.

By looking at these answers you have, of course, forfeited all your chances of winning the £10,000, or any other prizes or knicknacks never offered. Pity!

"The Bystander"

SPRING MEDAL FOURSOMES

(1933)

At Royal Mid-Surrey

"The Bystander" Spring Medal Foursomes (9th year), at Royal Mid-Surrey, will be played, by kind invitation of the club, on the Men's and Ladies' Courses, on Friday, April 7th, 1933.
Holders: MRS. PERCY GARON and MRS. M. L. CLARKE.

CONDITIONS

Joint handicaps limited to 30: play under half combined handicaps. Entries from couples over the handicap limit will not be accepted. Handicap certificates to be shown before play. Entries will be accepted from foreign competitors at their home handicaps if they have no L.G.U. handicaps.

Entries limited to 100 couples. Entries beyond that limit will be placed on a waiting list to fill any vacancies that may arise.

Competitors may choose their own partners and opponents, and in the event of their original partner failing, may substitute another up to the time play starts, if they will kindly notify Miss Helme.

Competitors may request a starting time, these being allotted in order of request, but not before 9.0 or after 11.15. Competitors will start their second round approximately three and a half hours later than their first round. Play will be over 36 holes, eighteen holes on the Men's Course and eighteen on the Ladies' Course, and it will be decided by a draw which couples shall play on which course in the morning.

Entries close on Thursday, March 30th, or earlier, if the limit of 100 couples is reached before that date. Starting times will be posted to each competitor at latest on April 3rd.

The Directors of THE BYSTANDER reserve the right to add to or alter these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor will be final on all points.

PRIZES

Challenge Trophies and Replicas for the best scratch aggregate of 36 holes. Prizes for the best scratch return on the Men's Course. Prizes for the best scratch return on the Ladies' Course. Prizes for the best handicap aggregate of 36 holes. Prizes for the best handicap return on the Men's Course and on the Ladies' Course.

Ties for the aggregate will be decided by the scores returned by the tieing couples over the Men's Course; ties for the 18-hole prizes by the last nine holes of the tieing cards.

Exclusive of any sweeps that may be arranged, the winners of the Challenge Trophies cannot take any other prizes, nor may any pair take more than one prize. **No card taken out in the second round can compete for an 18-hole prize unless the pair returning it have completed and returned their first-round card.**

The Entry Form is below.

ROYAL MID-SURREY — NO ENTRANCE FEE

ENTRY FORM

To reach Miss Helme, THE BYSTANDER Office, 346, Strand, W.C.2, not later than Thursday, March 30th, 1933.

"THE BYSTANDER" One Day SPRING MEDAL FOURSOMES, 36 holes (Ninth Year)

To be played at Royal Mid-Surrey, Friday, April 7th, 1933.

Please enter
Mrs. / *Miss* .....*of*.....*Club*

L.G.U. Handicap.....

Home Address.....*Telephone No.*.....

To play in the above Foursomes at Royal Mid-Surrey with

Mrs. / *Miss* .....*of*.....*Club*

L.G.U. Handicap.....

Home Address.....*Telephone No.*.....

Our opponents will be

Mrs. / *Miss* .....and *Mrs.* / *Miss* .....

who will send in their own entry. OR, please fix us up with opponents.

If that time is not already taken, we should like to start the first round at.....*or if there is no free time within fifteen minutes of that we should like an earlier/later one, if possible at about*.....

(No starting time can be allotted before 9.0 or after 11.15 for the first round. Competitors will start their second round approximately 3½ hours later than their first round.)

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Inexpensive and distinctly attractive Pullover made in the finest quality wool with two colour stripes. The new style of scarf is an added attraction. Colours: Black/white, Rose/white, Nigger/white, Purple/grey Navy/white, White/black

Average Fittings **29/6**

Crochet Béret Cap 16/9

Really chic Pullovers in fine wool, with two colour stripes. Becoming draped waistline to tie at back. Colours: Royal/white, Mustard/brown, Nigger/white, Black/white, White/black, Flame/white, Emerald/white, Grey/white **25/9**

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12/6 *post free.*

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Now is your opportunity to secure a set of these inimitable pictures for your "den," and for your sons to see the kind of humour that helped us through the War.

These Cartoons are ideal for presentation or decorative purposes in ex-Service Men's Clubs.

"THE DITCH"

THE DITCH, NEWMARKET.
Approximate size of print 15 inches by 10 inches

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LIONEL EDWARDS, R.I.,

recently published in "THE SKETCH," has been issued by THE SPORTING GALLERY, and early application for copies is recommended. Both editions of Mr. Edwards' earlier Newmarket subject, "A Training Gallop," are exhausted and that print is now at a premium.

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Always have Vapex in your home. Be ready for the first slight symptoms of an oncoming cold — the warmth of the palms, the "rustiness" of the throat, the hot head, the "below par" feeling. Used at that early stage Vapex acts like magic, gently stimulating the respiratory system to increased resistance. Your cold will soon be a thing of the past.

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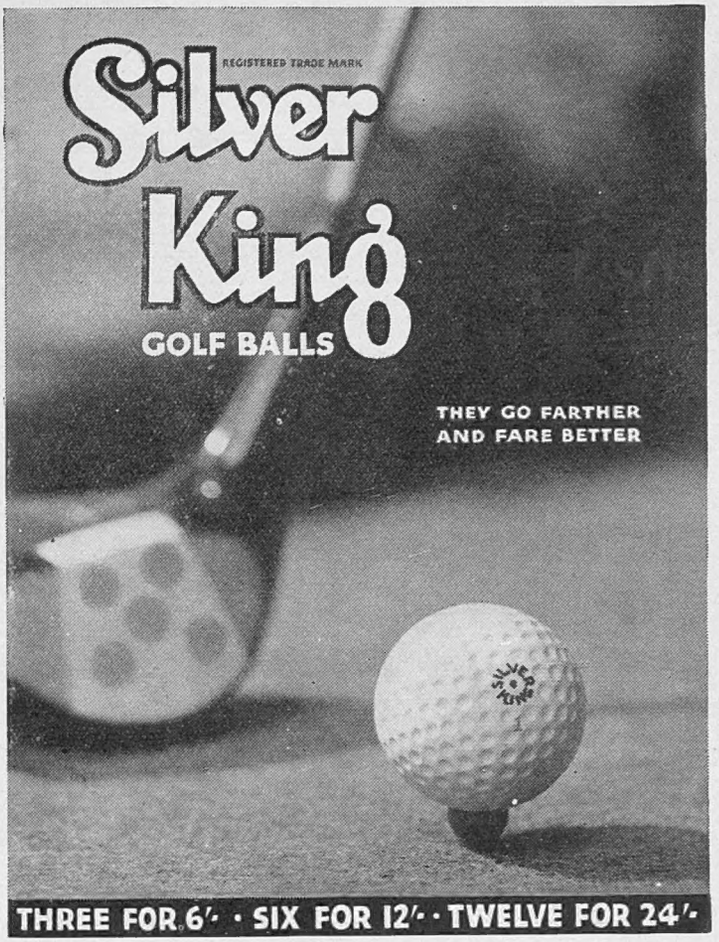

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...to cleanse the pores and refresh the body with softened and subtly scented water — to obviate shiny skin and neutralise perspiration ..... add a little

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Made in Eau de Cologne, Rose, Pine, Jasmine and Lavender Perfumes. Sold by Grocers Chemist and Stores - - -

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If not able to call send for S.-M. Form and get the same satisfaction as others have testified. Our costumes are known all over the world.

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Price 1s. Sold at all chemists.

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THIN Soft Strong Silky

See the 'Lancet's' opinion, 27th July, 1907

THE 40/50 H.P.

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But when we come, as common-sense dictates we must come, in our *search for the world's best*, to the consideration of the car as a whole—engine, gearbox, braking, steering, suspension, silence, acceleration, longevity and so on—then argument ceases to obtain. *The Rolls-Royce has it every time*—and of that there is no possible doubt, no possible doubt whatever."
Capt. E. de Normanville, 'Sunday News'

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Nell Gwynn Decorative candles bring a new enchantment to the dining table. They are made in 36 different colours and 10 sizes. They are solid dyed and burn perfectly and can be obtained from leading stores everywhere. An illustrated Booklet dealing with candles for lighting and decoration can be had FREE on request from J. C. & J. Field Ltd. (candlemakers since 1642), Dept. S.10, London, S.E.1.

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PATENTEES AND MANUFACTURERS OF
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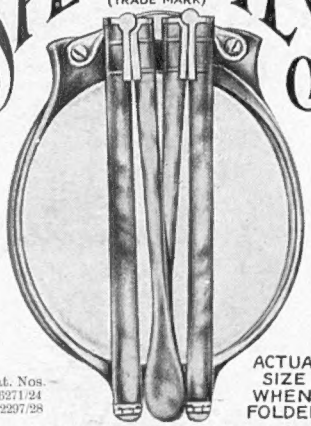

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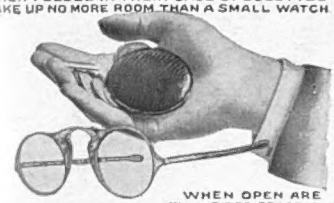

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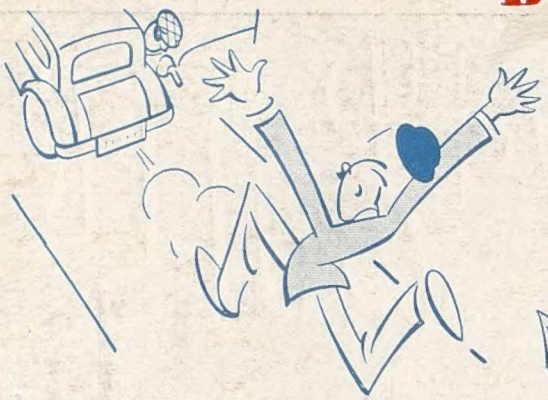

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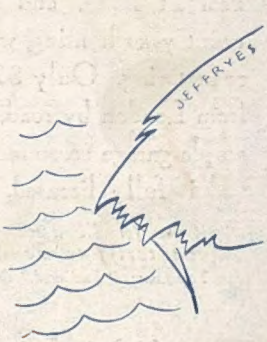

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